

Children's Newspaper, November 14, 1931

The C.N. for a Lonely Child
Anywhere for 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 660

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 14, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE NATION ABOVE ALL PARTIES

See
Page
Seven

A WORD AND A GREAT DISASTER THE BOASTFUL ENGINEER

The Immense Fire That Has
Broken Out Again30 MONTHS OF WASTE
AND RUIN

By Our Hungary Correspondent

The other day the C.N. told its readers about the great fire which had been burning ceaselessly for well over two years in the oilfields of Moreni, Rumania, only to be extinguished by the concerted efforts of engineers from all over the world.

So at least it was thought at the time. But apparently the dying down of the flames meant only a temporary lull, for news comes that they have broken out afresh, with unabated vigour.

A traveller who has lately visited the scene of the conflagration has given a picturesque account of what he saw there, and adds a remarkable story of how a boastful word set this disaster on its way.

Seen From a Hilltop

A winding forest road, he says, led us to a hilltop from which we could see, spread out over hill and valley, a town whose circumference might have accommodated about 20,000 inhabitants. It was night, and everywhere the electric lights were ablaze, mingled with the redder light of burning gas. There have always been, and there always will be, inextinguishable fires in Moreni.

Gas issues from the soil with the oil, and sometimes there is more of it than is convenient. Therefore most shafts have tall iron pipes placed near them through which the superfluous gas escapes. From every one of these pipes—and there are hundreds and hundreds of them—issues a flame which burns night and day, lending a marvellous sheen and splendour to the town as soon as darkness falls.

Out of a Sort of Crater

The burning shaft lies on the outskirts of the town, at one end of a narrow valley. The flames rise out of a sort of crater, and the heat emanating from them is so great that it would be impossible to see them close were it not for perforated blankets of fire-proof stuff hung here and there, to the holes of which you can put your eye while your body is protected.

The crater is about 16 yards deep and the flames rise 12 yards or so above the level of the ground, so that altogether they have a height of 28 to 30 yards.

The crater is surrounded by hundreds of tiny flames running close to the ground. These are fed by the gas which makes its way through the solid earth, and relays of workmen continually spray water over the flames lest they should set ablaze one of the neighbouring shafts and possibly the whole town.

This is what the traveller saw. But the most interesting part of his account

Steady



Perhaps there is a parable for us all in the traffic of the streets, rushing on with its terrific power, yet subject to perfect control because every driver knows the rule and keeps it.

is where he tells us what it was that caused the fire to break out in the first instance. It was not accident or carelessness, as might be imagined, but a lie, a vain and foolish lie.

In the spring of 1929 two new holes were being drilled close to one another under the direction of two local engineers. The vanity of these two men made them compete with one another, each wanting to reach oil first. Now, the deeper you get when you drill a hole in an oil-well the slower must be your advance, as an overheated instrument or a spark struck from a rock will suffice to cause catastrophe.

One evening, the day's work done, one of the two men told the other that his hole was already 2000 yards deep (the real depth he had reached being nearer 1000 yards). The other was then 1400 yards underground and, believing his colleague's word, thought that he could safely drill another 600 yards without reaching oil. He gave orders to advance at a rapid pace, so causing his overheated instrument to come into contact with unsuspected volumes of gas.

The result was a terrific explosion, and an unquenchable fire which after thirty months still burns on, entailing immeasurable waste and loss.

One cannot help wondering how the boastful engineer is feeling about it now.

A NOTE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN SPACES

Mrs Bates, whose letter, appears in the next column, adds this postscript to it.

I think you would like to know that we have had more rain this year than has been registered in this area since the construction of the line. All the country is green and flourishing, and the red sand, so painful and monotonous to look at, has been covered with beautiful white and pink everlasting, nodding like crowds of child angels, so pearly white, yet so frail to the touch.

And last night a most beautiful meteor, with a light whiter and more dazzling than electric light, came from a little west of my favourite star Vega in Lyra, and, coming down at a rather slow angle, suddenly broke into a shower of diamonds and disappeared.

ALONE IN A WIDE, WIDE WORLD ON THE VERGE OF CIVILISATION

A Sick Woman's Remarkable
Meeting With Her DoctorMRS BATES AMONG THE
BLACK FOLK

We pass on to our readers this letter from our lonely correspondent for the wide Australian spaces on the borders of civilisation, where Mrs Daisy Bates lives alone, with natives coming in upon her from a barbaric world.

Mrs Bates has been ill (and is still ill, we fear), and this letter from her tent just off the great railway track at Ooldea gives us a remarkable glimpse of this heroic Englishwoman.

Your poor correspondent has been very near the Portal in her lonely camp. The breakdown had been coming for years, but I battled and battled, and then came a night when I had to give in.

I arranged with the Commonwealth Railway authorities that I should order meals off the dining cars of the passenger trains, and as soon as I could crawl to within sight of the siding I pulled at my spirit and went for my food containers.

Four Trains a Week

I was able to collect my meals—four weekly, as only four trains now pass each week. I used to get up, dress, walk the mile to the siding, come back, make tea, and try to eat my nicely-served meals. Little by little the pain left me, but I still must have the special food off the train.

The struggle had to be gone through without help of any kind, but the spirit God has given me pulled me through. I will give you an instance of His watchful love.

I needed a doctor sadly, but there is only one doctor in Australia I wished to consult, and he was 624 miles away. Yet the very first time I could crawl to the siding *who should come to greet me but the doctor I desired so much!*

Old and New Friends

I could not greet him for a moment as I feared a breakdown. The train-men kindly kept the train a few minutes over the time so that I could consult my friend, and you will understand why I could walk back to my camp with the strength of God's love so clearly shown me. I think I have turned back from the Portal for a little longer.

Now that I have to attend the trains to take delivery of my food basket I meet old friends from Western Australia, and new friends come and make themselves known to me; most of them saying they know me through My Magazine and the Children's Newspaper. I really believe that the few moments of contact with friends at the train is helping me quite as much as the dainty foods. I have so longed for a touch with my kind.

THE GREAT MAJORITY ACTUAL AND BY VOTES Tremendous Figures For the Government Both Ways

16 TO 7

It is fair to remember that, though the majority for the National Government is unparalleled in political history, the number of votes cast against the Government is about one-third of the total poll.

In the C.N. last February we dealt with the question of proportional representation, pointing out that under our present system parties are not fairly represented in Parliament. On the present occasion, the Government's majority of actual votes is so great that, while it is over-represented in the House, its majority, even if reduced to strictly proportional representation, would remain stupendous.

The Voting Millions

This point is of so much interest that we give an estimate of the result from the point of view of proportional representation.

We are not able to give precise results, but our figures give an accurate if broad view of the facts.

Of the 615 seats in England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, as many as 65 were not contested. Therefore we have to add an estimate of the number of votes which would probably have been given in these constituencies if they had been contested.

Thus, taking account of the 65 uncontested seats, we arrive at a majority of votes for the Government of nearly nine millions! Truly it is an amazing majority. To put it in another way, of every 23 votes 16 were for the Government and 7 against.

GOVERNMENT VOTES AND SEATS

| | Votes | Seats |
|---------------------|------------|-------|
| Conservative .. | 11,832,000 | 424 |
| Liberal .. | 2,083,000 | 53 |
| Labour .. | 345,000 | 14 |
| Independent .. | 52,000 | 4 |
| Total votes cast | 14,312,000 | |
| Unfought seats, say | 1,780,000 | 59 |
| Total .. | 16,092,000 | 554 |

If these seats had been decided according to the number of votes, and not according to the majority in each case, the Government seats would have been 425 instead of 554.

OPPOSITION VOTES AND SEATS

| | Votes | Seats |
|---------------------|-----------|-------|
| Labour .. | 6,642,000 | 46 |
| Odd Liberal .. | 233,000 | 7 |
| Independent .. | 50,000 | 2 |
| New Party .. | 36,000 | 0 |
| Communist .. | 75,000 | 0 |
| Total votes cast | 7,036,000 | |
| Unfought seats, say | 209,000 | 6 |
| Total .. | 7,245,000 | 61 |

If these seats had been decided in proportion to the total vote the Opposition seats would have been 190 instead of 61.

The True and the Actual

The Government has obtained 554 supporters, whereas only 61 oppose it. We also show above what the Government's majority would have been if the election had been held under a system of proportional representation. In that case the Government's votes would have yielded 425 members, while the Opposition votes would have yielded 190 members, giving a majority of 235.

It would, of course, have been far better for the House of Commons, the Government, and the country if the Government had had the true majority of 235 instead of the actual majority of 493. Parliament would have been a much better balanced body and the debates would have been much more fruitful. As things are, the mere handful to which the Opposition is reduced will not make for good debating.

On the other hand, excellent, reasonable, and fruitful criticism may quite probably develop in the great ranks supporting the Government.

THE SPIRIT THAT WILL WIN 3000 Friends in the Hour of Need

Thanks be to the English spirit—in all things great and small.

In what it has of late shown the world of its capacity for self-sacrifice in the common good, more especially among the unemployed, among whom there must have been a million unknown heroes who voted for a cut in their own unemployment pay, a little thing that happened before the Election may be forgotten.

Let it be remembered. When the London General Omnibus Company placed a large number of new omnibuses on the streets there was less work to do at the repair shops in keeping old ones in order. Notice had to be given to some 200 men at the Chiswick repair works that they would not be wanted.

The other workpeople asked the chief engineer to meet them. After a conference with the men's representatives it was clear that the only alternative to the loss of their jobs for 200 men was for the others to work shorter time and earn less money.

Nearly 3000 men accordingly agreed to cut their work by over four hours a week, and cut their pay with it, in order to keep their 200 mates in employment.

THE LOCKED CHURCH DOOR A Bishop's Protest

We are delighted to see the protest against locked churches confirmed in a high quarter. At the recent induction of the vicar of Stoulton the Bishop of Worcester put it in this way.

I think that your new vicar will keep his church door open so that anyone who likes may come in.

I think that if our country churches were left more open, as churches are in towns, a great many more people would come in and say their prayers. I know that in towns, and it is possibly the same in the country, people who, in crowded houses, cannot find the time and opportunity to say their prayers properly and quietly and reverently, would learn in time to come and say them in our churches; if the churches were only left open.

A CHAIN OF LIGHT ROUND A DARK WORLD Toc H and Its Solemn Hour

At the ninth hour after the Sun had reached high noon over every Toc H station in the world the local members of that fellowship lit their symbolic Lamp, the group at Johannesburg beginning the ceremony on November 2.

All through the 24 hours in which our Earth turns full circle, light after light shone out in succession, making a chain of light round the world, until at 9 o'clock on November 3 the chain was complete at the All Souls' Memorial Chapel in Johannesburg Cathedral. Here Sir Herbert Stanley, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, was waiting to receive it and to conclude this Ceremony of Light with an address broadcast so that listeners in England could hear it.

It will be remembered that last year the World Chain of Light, so symbolical of the splendid fellowship that embraces the whole world with its hundreds of units, began at Talbot House, the birth-place of the movement in Flanders.

LITTLE IAN HAMILTON

Will Ian Hamilton, the boy who wrote to General Sir Ian Hamilton a few weeks ago, send his address to the Children's Newspaper, John Carpenter Street, E.C.4. Sir Ian Hamilton has lost his letter and wishes to write to him.

GETTING A MOVE ON From a Sheep's Back to a Man's in 2 Hours

The news comes from Sydney that a suit of clothes has been made in one hour 52 minutes 19 seconds, from the time the wool was sheared to the pressing of the finished garments.

The previous record was made at Huddersfield when a suit was made in 2 hours 9 minutes 46 seconds. This in turn beat a record of 3 hours 20 minutes held by a Batley firm. An earlier record was an American one of 6 hours 4 minutes.

The details of the Sydney manufacture are interesting. It seems that the shearing of the wool, the spinning and weaving occupied one hour 32 minutes. The manufactured cloth was then taken by motor-car to the tailoring factory, which took over four minutes. In another 13 minutes the cloth was cut, made up, and pressed.

We may recall that the record time for making a felt hat is not very much less than that for making a suit. It occupied an hour and 18 minutes.

We have not seen these garments and wonder whether they would be approved in Bond Street.

STANLEY LETT, 11

Joining the Heroes Young

The world knows New Zealand has bred many gallant men, and now it learns of a boy true to the traditions of his race.

Stanley Lett is only 11, but he has risked his life to rescue his younger sister.

The children were in a field near Auckland when they were seen by a bull, which charged the little girl. As she lay bleeding on the ground, and the animal was about to finish its attack, the boy caught it by the horns. He was tossed in the air, but ran at the bull again, and took several more tosses from the furious beast.

In this way he turned the bull's attention from his sister, who managed to crawl through the fence. Later he was able to follow, and in spite of his own injuries he carried her three miles to a house.

When she is a little older Miss Lett will be saying she has the best brother in the world. Other sisters will protest, but they will find it very hard to beat the record of Stanley Lett.

A SHIP TURNS ROUND Wonderful Record of the Aquitania

It is good to see that our great liners are still making world records. The great Cunarder the Aquitania, a ship of 45,600 tons, actually turned round in the port of New York in 15 hours!

To realise what this means let us consider what the Aquitania landed. Among other things she put on shore 300 passengers with all their luggage, 232 mail bags, and 266 tons of cargo. She then took on board 660 passengers and their luggage, 2500 mail bags, and 170 tons of cargo. She had also to lay in 750,000 gallons of water and 800 tons of oil for fuel. Then, of course, the ship had to be cleaned. To accomplish all this in 15 hours is indeed a wonder.

Edison left a fortune of about two and a half million pounds.

A conger eel scaling half a hundred-weight was stranded at Southend.

The Doxology was sung by 2000 people when a drink licence for a hotel at Bangor was refused.

The parents of the well-known cricketers of that name, Mr and Mrs John Staple, of Newstead Colliery, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

The youngest daughter of Charles Kingsley has just died.

MR AND MRS LITTER LOU Go To a Wedding

Thousands of people flocked to Balcombe to see the wedding of Lady May Cambridge. The Queen was there, the Princes, and guests from afar and near. We can read their names in accounts of the wedding, but nowhere do we see mentioned a family who were very prominent among the onlookers. We refer to Mr and Mrs Litter Lou and their children.

What the villagers thought of these unwelcome guests is best told in the following letter sent to the Editor by one of them.

Balcombe is a beautiful little village and quite unspoiled. The people were naturally very pleased at the thought that Lady May Cambridge's wedding was to take place here.

Everything possible was done to tidy up the churchyard, although it is always so beautifully kept that it only needed an extra tidy up. The church was spring-cleaned and everything put in perfect order. Even some drain-pipes, left a little distance from the church in readiness to begin some work, were removed, so that nothing should look unsightly when the Queen and the royal guests arrived.

What the Royal Visitors Saw

But all Balcombe's efforts were ruined by the thousands of sightseers who came in their cars and charabancs, taking up positions early in the morning, spent the intervening time in eating and littering the ground with all kinds of refuse. An incredible mass of litter met the eyes of our royal visitors instead of the clean, orderly village street.

The churchyard was reserved for parishioners, so that was in perfect order, but the state of the roads was so appalling that Balcombe villagers were out before eight the next morning with large sacks, clearing away the refuse, for they were ashamed that the people who were still crowding to the village should see the streets in such a state.

The C.N. sends its greeting to the good people of this beautiful village, and as for Mr and Mrs Litter Lou and all their children, the C.N. begs that they will hide their faces in shame and be seen in the countryside no more.

TWO REPUBLICS HAVE NEW PRESIDENTS

Two new Presidents have been installed in South America.

Colonel Don Luiz Sanchez Cerro has been elected President of Peru and Dr Gonzalez Navero has taken the place of Don José Guggiari, who has been forced to resign the Presidency of Paraguay some months before the expiry of his term of office.

THINGS SAID

The shoes I wore last night I have been wearing for 26 years.

Retiring Lord Mayor of London

Not a week passes without some piece of English scenery being defaced.

President of Architectural Association

It may take us fifty years to excavate Gaza; but I am only in my eighties.

Sir Flinders Petrie

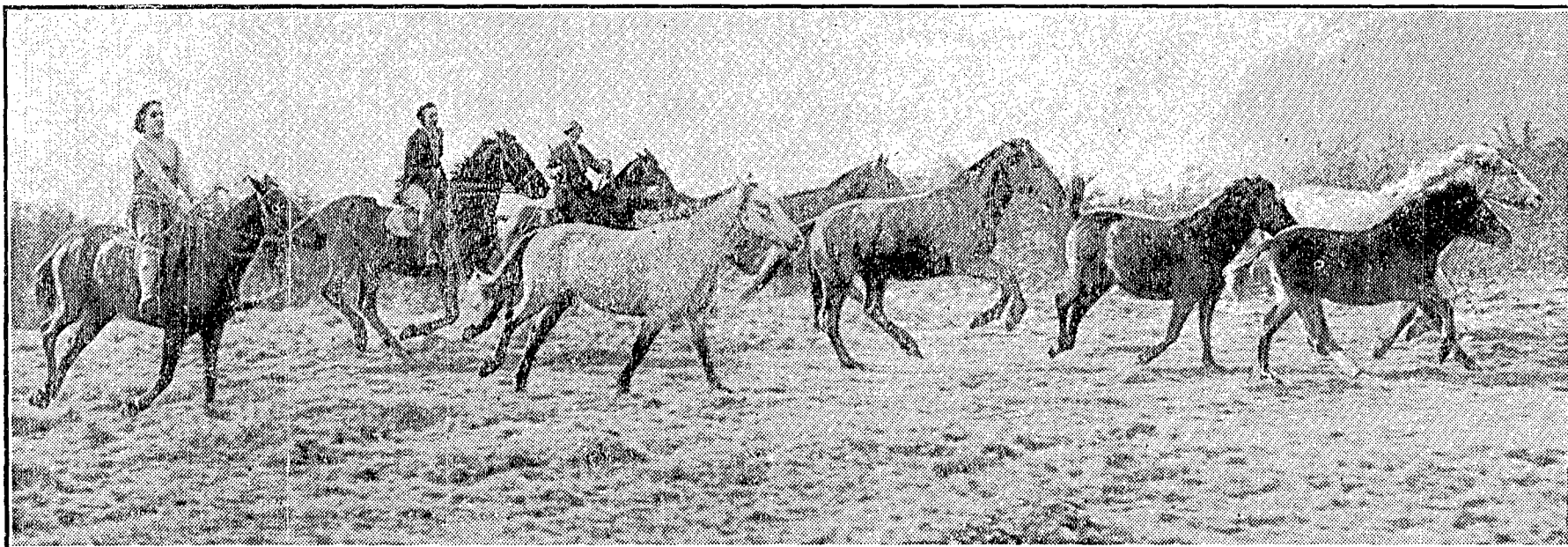
Young people cannot make a much worse hash of the world than their elders have done.

Dean Inge

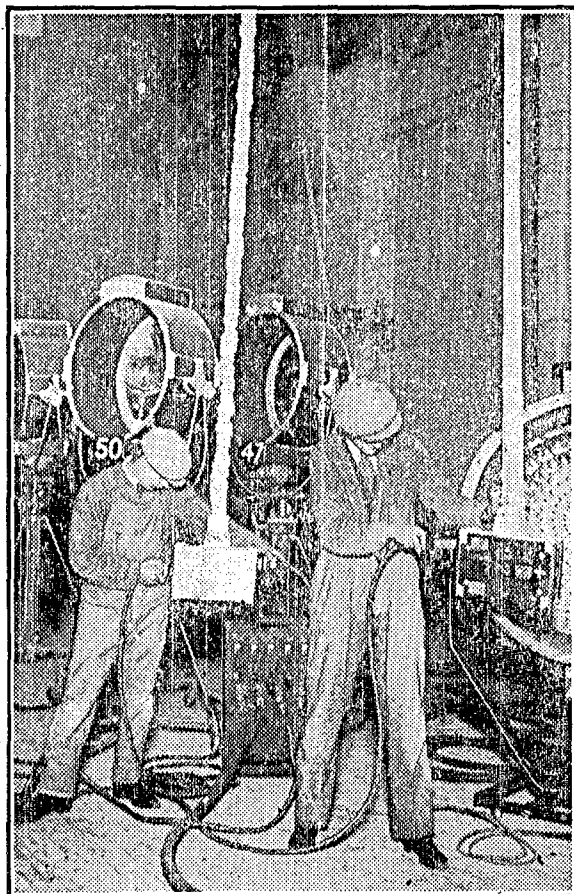
We worry ourselves about narcotic drugs, but we do not worry about the universal narcotic, the Kinema.

Mr Compton Mackenzie

A LONDON ARMOURER • NEW FOREST PONIES • A CAMBRIDGE CREW



A Wild West Scene in Hampshire—This scene, which is somewhat reminiscent of the Wild West, shows a round-up of forest ponies on a farm near Beaulieu in the New Forest. The lady owner of the farm, who is seen with two of her pupils, breaks in the ponies and trains them for riding and jumping.



Kinema Lights—In this corner of a new film studio at Ealing engineers are seen preparing some of the numerous electric lights which are necessary when interior scenes are taken.



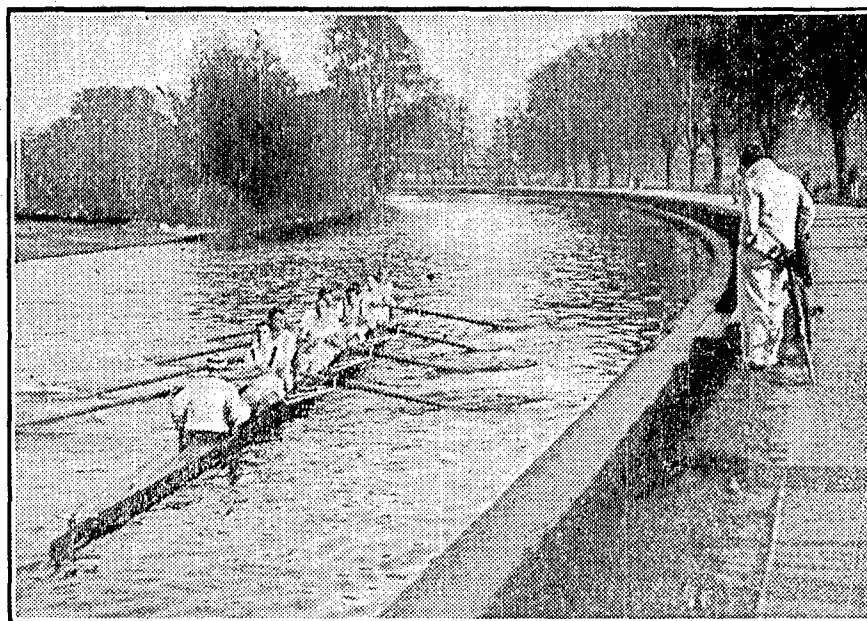
Moving Day—Some of the Highland sheep which are a familiar feature of the summer landscape in Hyde Park are here shown entering a lorry for transport to their winter quarters.



The Armourer—It comes as a surprise to know that there is an armourer still plying his trade in London, though of course the products of his skill are now used merely for ornament.



The Jazz Band—If the little people seen in this picture have not yet developed a very great sense of melody it is not due to any lack of enthusiasm on their part. They are members of a jazz orchestra which has been formed in a London school.



A Cambridge Crew—Although it is many months before the University Boat Race is due even now search is being made for likely members for the crews. This Cambridge eight are seen receiving hints from a coach as they were setting out on the Cam the other day.

74 HOURS ON A CLIFF

THRILLING RESCUE OF A CAIRN

Adventure of a Dog on the Coast of Devon

JOCK IN THE COVE

Another story of the remarkable power of endurance of a cairn terrier comes to us from a C.N. reader who saw the story of one who spent 96 hours on a cliff edge in Guernsey.

His name was Jock, and last August he went with the family to Devon. They stayed on a farm near a stretch of very dangerous cliffs.

Whenever Jock went for a walk with the family near the bracken which grows profusely on the edge of the cliffs he grew unusually excited. We can guess why. The mocking face of Brer Rabbit was popping up here, there, and everywhere saying "You can't catch me!"

Although Jock was at first kept closely to heel in this dangerous place he would run away if he had half a chance and bark madly as he nosed along an enticing rabbit trail.

Search Parties

One Thursday he managed to dodge the family and rushed off once more in his beloved bracken. The last sight they had of him was not far from the edge of a very dangerous portion of the cliff. However much they called and whistled there was no response, but nobody felt alarmed. Jock was a cute, nimble-footed dog, quite able to take care of himself, and was sure to turn up.

But he did not return. The night passed and there was no sign of the little grey cairn.

The next day (Friday) parties of people went down to search with field-glasses the cliffs and coves near the spot where they had last seen him; but there was no sign of Jock. That night there was a terrific storm and by Saturday morning all hope was lost of finding the cairn alive.

Huge waves beat on the shore and the sea was so high that it had been impossible to get round to the cove below the spot where Jock had last been seen. But by Sunday the storm had abated, and in the afternoon at low tide one of the family went down with the farm bailiff determined to explore the cove, if only to find the dead body of Jock.

A Difficult Climb

They managed to climb into the cove, and had not been searching long when a slight movement caught the eye of the bailiff.

"Here is your dog, sir!" he shouted, and he pointed excitedly to no other than Jock, as large as life, crouched on a ledge halfway up the cliff in a terribly precarious position.

Only with the greatest difficulty was the bailiff able to climb up to the ledge, but he at last succeeded in lowering the dog by a rope.

It was obvious that Jock had slipped over the edge of the cliff until he reached this small ledge, which was not more than two feet long and one foot wide. How he had managed to balance himself there during the storm passes one's imagination; but he hung on for 74 hours without food or water.

They carried him back to the farm, and after Jock had had a good drink of water he seemed none the worse for his adventure and was full of delight at meeting his masters and mistresses again.

ROTARY AND PEACE

International Rotarians who met in congress lately in Vienna, representing 158,000 business and professional men in 67 countries, resolved to "favour every step which shall make the Disarmament Conference of next year a success."

A LITTLE LESS ROAD TRAFFIC

Fewer Motor-Cycles

RESULT OF THE A.A. CENSUS

The A.A. has just taken its annual road census. It shows the first decline since the war.

This census is taken by stationing officers at various points and counting the vehicles that pass in a week. The result was to show that 2,645,881 motor-vehicles passed these points in seven days, 123,603 less than last year.

There was, however, an increase of 11,389 in industrial vehicles passing the points. Private cars passing fell by 65,104 and motor-cycles by 69,888.

On October 14 the Ministry of Transport issued its return of the number of motor-vehicle licences held, and this also shows a fall, thus confirming the road census. It is shown that at the end of August the number of licences was 2,158,177, being 59,432 less than in 1930. The fall was in motor-cycles, both private cars and goods vehicles showing small increases. It will be generally felt that it is all to the good that motor-cycles should decrease; they are the most dangerous machines on the road.

In view of the great fall in trade generally it is not a little surprising that pleasure cars and goods vehicles both show an increase. Our heavily-taxed people are not apparently selling their motor-cars but finding the money to buy more.

A GREAT HOUSE CLOSING

The Sadness of Hard Times

Next to a deserted church nothing is more pathetic to the traveller than a great shuttered house from which all human life has fled.

This century has seen many an ancient home, the centre of the social and often the intellectual life of its district for centuries, closed and its lovely park sold in lots to the highest bidder.

At times the building, as in the case of Stowe House, becomes a school and is a more valuable centre of human activity than it was before; but of late years the heavy taxes and super-taxes have fallen so heavily on the old-established families of our countryside that schools and institutions have failed to fill the great buildings they have been compelled to relinquish.

Badminton, the country home of the Dukes of Beaufort for 250 years, is now to be closed except for a small portion of this magnificent stone house built in the Palladian style. Twenty servants have been reluctantly given notice, and much unhappiness has been caused by this uprooting of associations with lovely surroundings.

The popular winter game with shuttlecock for ball received its name from this house, so that most people will feel that hard times have fallen on something very typical of England.

ELECTRICITY FOR THE NORTH

The scheme to provide the North of England with cheap electricity will cost nine million pounds. The first link is to be opened by the Prince of Wales.

It is the first part of the great Clarence Dock power station at Liverpool, which itself will cost five millions. The dock was started in 1929, but will not be finished until 1940.

It will be one of the electrical wonders of the world. The power will begin at 100,000 kilowatts, rising to 350,000. By winter coal will be used at the rate of 1000 tons a day. The crane will lift 110 tons. For condensation the boiler house will use 15 million gallons of water an hour, drawn from the Mersey and returned there through two ducts under the Trafalgar Docks.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONQUEROR

A Sort of Ghost Story

WHAT THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER DOES

We are sure the Bishop of Winchester does not believe in ghosts any more than the C.N. does, but the other day, at the Jersey Society's dinner, he told the world an interesting thing which might be called a kind of ghost story.

Before a new bishop is enthroned in Winchester Cathedral he has to have an interview with William the Conqueror.

On his way to the cathedral he goes into a small church in the High Street and there remains alone for a few minutes.

The origin of the custom is this. In the days of the great Norman new bishops came to his palace as an act of loyalty before going to the cathedral. So strong was the hold he had on men's minds that even after he was dead they continued the custom.

A Custom 800 Years Old

The little church of St Lawrence stands on the site of the Conqueror's palace, and so for centuries the bishops have been visiting the church, there to commune with the spirit of the Conqueror in the same way that a man might commune with the spirit of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon.

There can be few other men who have so set their mark on the world that people pay them state visits more than 800 years after their death.

But even his enemies said of the Conqueror that no knight under heaven was William's peer. He was a giant in body, a giant in courage and achievement, and the spirit that dominated England in the eleventh century has not entirely ceased to dominate even in the twentieth.

PICTURES BY WIRE

The Wonder Too Common to Notice

Sending a picture over the telegraph lines has long ceased to be a wonder, but great improvements are being made, and the service is rapidly being extended over the whole world.

New picture services have just been opened, operating between Frankfurt and Munich in Germany, between several German stations and Rome, and also between Rome and Copenhagen. A machine has been invented that can be attached to a television instrument, so that while watching events take place on the television screen any particular scene can be snapped, and a permanent record secured.

Wireless pictures across the ocean are continually sent, mostly for advertising or business purposes, and the world sees little or nothing of them. Hundreds of the pictures we look at today when reading the newspaper have been sent by telegraph, but so common and so perfect have they become that they pass unnoticed.

THE RUBBISH FUNERAL MARCH

Everywhere the good work goes on.

At a hill station in India picnics are an almost daily institution, writes a friend of the C.N., and some people who have been holiday-making there have been giving a demonstration of how not to be a Litter Lout.

Every day the attention of other picnic parties has been attracted by a solemn procession. It is known as the Rubbish Funeral March.

After each meal taken in the open air this party carefully collects the rubbish and makes it into a parcel. A flag, usually a bathing-towel, is hoisted and carried in front, and all the male members of the party march away to bury the litter.

A BIT OF KNOWLEDGE JUST IN TIME

Constable and Doctor Save a Life

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE

A wonderful true story comes from Southend. It is a good answer to the question, What use is it knowing that?

One day the house surgeon of the Victoria Hospital was reading about a new treatment for asphyxiation. It entails giving the patient a mixture of oxygen with five per cent of carbon dioxide. An interesting discovery, but at the moment it must have seemed to the doctor one that hardly affected him. Still, a scientist living in the Sahara would be interested in reading of a cure for frost-bite.

Yet within 24 hours he was trying the treatment on a drowning woman.

She had been rescued from the sea by Mr Arthur Hayden of Romford, and Constable John Morrell had at once started artificial respiration on the shore. It was continued in the ambulance, but she had not drawn a breath for a quarter of an hour. The case seemed hopeless, because it is exceedingly rare for anyone to live after breathing has ceased for 15 minutes.

Breathing Again

But after the oxygen and carbon dioxide breathing began again. The carbon dioxide had stimulated the lungs into activity. However, even this wonderful new treatment would have been useless if Constable Morrell had not practised artificial respiration at once, and kept it up. Scouts and Guides must not think their First Aid Drill is out of date.

What a wonderful chance guided the doctor's eye to that treatise just in time to save a life! It is a coincidence which will stand out in the memory of many people as the most remarkable they have known. As for the rescued woman and her friends, they will call it by a more beautiful name than chance or coincidence.

PREVENTING FLOODS

The Great Weir at Teddington

The work of the Thames Conservancy Board in widening, deepening, and straightening the Thames which we described some months ago in the C.N. proved of great value during the rainy summer. Events have proved, indeed, that it was undertaken not a day too soon.

Their engineer has stated that this year's rainfall in the Thames watershed has only been exceeded three times this century and that the August rainfall was the highest for 49 years.

Some of the Cotswold springs were actually higher at the end of September than they were in the spring, and in the height of summer six times the normal amount of water was flowing down to the sea.

Teddington Weir, the nearest to London, is being enlarged to double its former capacity and will be able to pass on 7500,000,000 gallons a day.

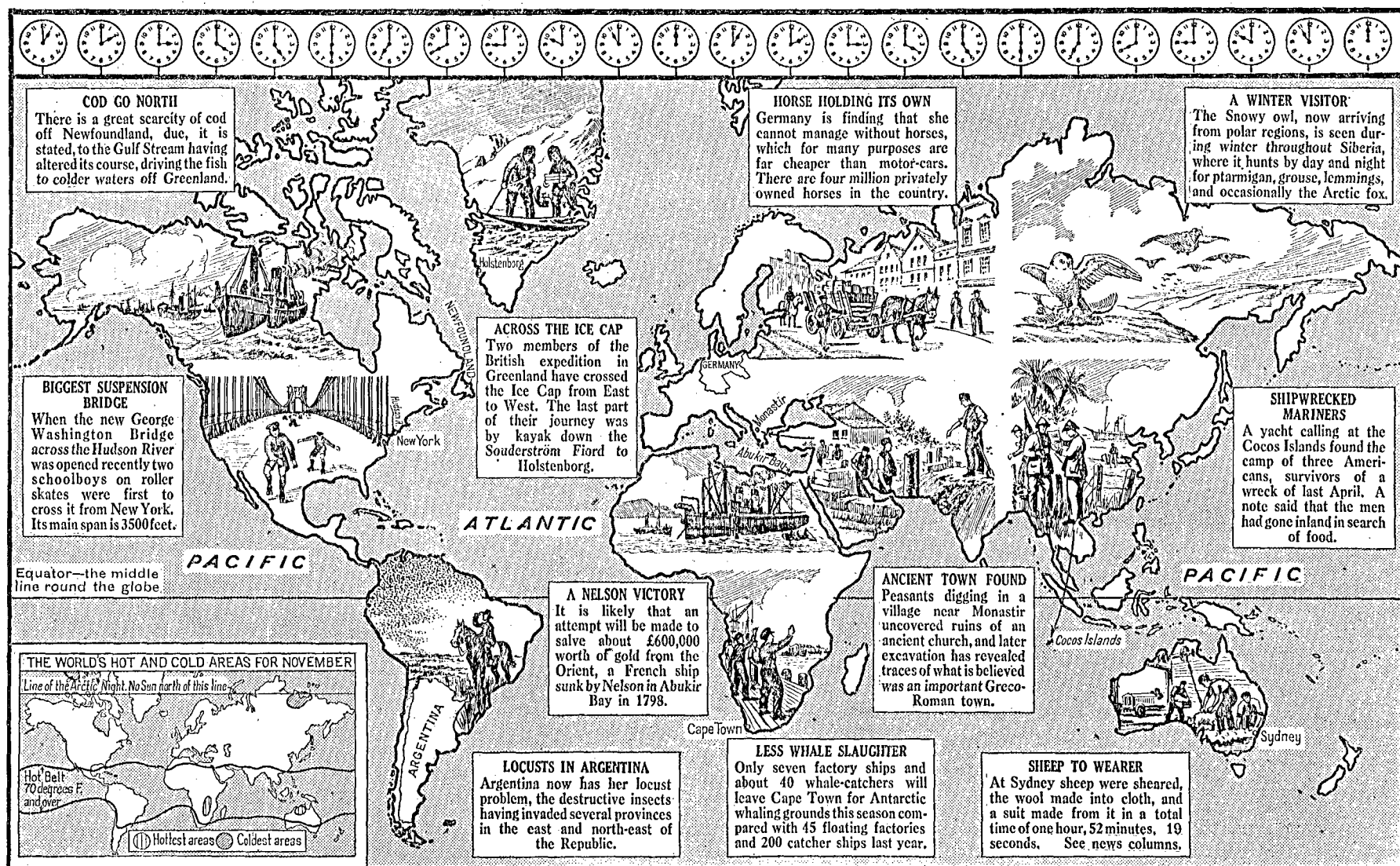
MOSCOW LEADS THE WORLD

Hot Water For a City

An extraordinary idea is to be carried out in Moscow, by which every house will be supplied with hot water.

Huge central boilers are to be erected in various districts, and hot-water pipes running under the streets will convey the water to the houses as gas is conveyed at present. Apart from the fact that the meanest house will have abundant hot water for heating and washing, the Government expects to save a million and a half tons of fuel a year in Moscow alone.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LIKE PRINCES AMONG FISHERMEN

A Grimsby Trawler

Hard work and rough faring has been the rule aboard the trawler: but the rule now has a notable exception.

The Blakker of Grimsby has begun her maiden voyage. Her crew of 16 are princes among fishermen. She has electric light generated by her own steam. Her skipper has blue velvet drapery, a blue carpet, and hot and cold water over a marble basin in the bathroom. The crew work by floodlights; for, though time and tide may wait for the landsman, every hour of the 24 brings a job to the deep-sea fisherman, and he is sorting the catch all night. The Blakker will carry fuel enough to stay at sea until her holds are packed solid with fish and ice.

THE DOG UNDER THE BED

In Warsaw, the capital of Poland, they are laughing over the quaint exploits of an extremely naughty dog.

For some time his master had been puzzled by the disappearance of jewellery from the house. And friends and neighbours were worrying over the same problem. One day, indeed, the owners of the dog were roundly accused of theft, and had to call in a policeman to search them to prove their innocence.

Then it was noticed that Fido, or whatever the Polish equivalent is, had developed a peculiar habit of vanishing suddenly under a bed in the house and scratching hard at the floorboards. Investigation revealed a big hoard of stolen valuables, stowed away in a crevice between the boards!

A record for patience in good works is surely held by Mrs Prendergast, of Benambra, who has just finished her 1500th pair of socks for the Australian Red Cross.

THE CLOCK STRIKES 200

Waking Up a Village

The other night many people were roused from their slumbers by the pealing of a bell in the tower of the village.

They were convinced that it must be the tocsin, so they got up to face any emergency, from an invasion to a fire. In reality it was the village clock, which was announcing the hour by striking 200 times until the weight reached the ground!

Some people think that there is an imp of perverseness in inanimate objects; it certainly seemed to the inhabitants of Château-d'Oex that he had arrived that night as the imp of mischief.

TRAINS WITH RUBBER TYRES

Monsieur Dautry, manager of the French State Railways, intends to put the rail-bus on the lines next year.

It has the fine lines of a swift aeroplane, and weighs under five tons. The wear and tear of the pneumatic tyres is only a 25th of an inch for 6000 miles. It will solve the problem of the upkeep of local traffic, now run at a loss, and will speed up traffic.

M. Dautry believes that future railways must have two systems; one for long-distance heavy traffic and one for light work over short distances.

NO MORE ELBOW GREASE?

New methods of cleaning metals are rapidly coming into use, saving much rubbing and hard work.

One of these is to apply an electric current to the work being cleaned, together with a solution of soap and an alkali such as soda.

The metal work is connected with the positive pole of an electric current, and hydrogen gas is generated on the surface in the form of billions of tiny bubbles. These bubbles lift the dirt off the surface, and the soap then easily removes them.

A NEW USE FOR PALACES

Persia Moving Forward

Serious steps are being taken in Teheran to free the city from the scourge of cholera which was so prevalent there during the past summer.

Wealthy Parsec merchants have given two palaces which are to be turned into hospitals this winter. The Persian Government is selling some of its art treasures to raise the £15,000 needed to carry out its plans for improving the health of the people.

Four Persian doctors have gone abroad to study methods used to control epidemics in other countries, and they have been asked to bring home with them eight other doctors and forty nurses ready to help this Eastern land to fight its unseen foes in a thoroughly modern way.

FLASHING BEACONS

Electric Eye and the Airman

The aerial lighthouses and flashing beacons of Imperial Airways are now being lighted at dusk and extinguished at dawn by means of electric eyes, those sensitive watchdogs called photocells, which respond instantly to any change in the strength of the light.

So perfect are these photo-cell controls that they will light up an aerial beacon even if a heavy cloud darkens the sky, switching it off again as soon as the cloud has passed.

A LONG TALK

A telephone service has been opened between Switzerland and Venezuela.

A conversation of three minutes costs 153 Swiss francs, about £8 in English money at the new rate of exchange.

The first three people who wished to talk to friends or relatives in Venezuela, and who sent in their names in writing to the head office in Berne, were allowed to do so free.

PICTURES FOR KYOTO

C.N. and the Children's Mission

We have already told of the picture by a C.N. reader which is hanging in the Children's Museum at Kyoto in Japan.

Now we have received a friendly letter from Mr Guedo Nakai, the Director of the Museum, who tells us that many drawings were sent in response to the notice in the C.N. These were hung with many others from different countries in the museum's new building in Maruyama Park when it was opened at the beginning of October.

There was also on show a collection of dolls from America, sent in return for some beautiful dolls given to America by Japanese children.

In such ways this Children's Museum is carrying out one of its principal objects, the fostering of friendship between the children of all nations.

WHAT FOLLY IS THIS?

The world welcomed the action of the United States of America in giving its wholehearted support to the plan for an Armaments Truce lately drawn up by the League.

It welcomed its intervention for peace as against war in the Manchurian trouble.

Its Government was the first of the Great Powers to supply to the League a full statement of its armaments, an example for all others to follow.

How are these acts to be reconciled with the fact that its army, through its chemical warfare service, is at the present time testing a new method for spraying mustard gas from aeroplanes so that whole regiments or city populations can be wiped out in a few moments?

Can America find no better use to which to put its best brains?

Miss Jane Blake has been Parish Clerk of Emery Down in the New Forest for fifty years.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 14 1931

Unlucky 13

THIRTEEN years ago, on November 11, the victorious Allies granted an armistice to Germany, and the war was suspended.

Thirteen years! Certainly an unlucky thirteen! Thirteen years of hope deferred that has made sick the hearts of millions! Thirteen years of continued death and disaster, bankruptcy and revolution, war and rumour of war!

The Armistice of November 11, 1918, was followed by the Treaty of Versailles of June 28, 1919. For six months our wise men had sat round a table trying to fix the War Debt at a sum greater than all the gold in the world.

Two years after the Peace France was found invading the Ruhr in a vain attempt to enforce payment of the assessment of German reparations by the Reparations Commission.

Five years after the Peace the Dawes Committee was found denouncing the reparations assessment of 1921 as absurdly high.

Ten years after the Peace the Young Plan reduced the Allied demands to less than a third of the sum which France invaded Germany in vainly trying to collect.

Thirteen years after the Peace, in 1931, we know that the economic consequences of the treaties include a calamitous fall in world prices which has reduced the Young Plan assessment to futility, and brought the whole world to distress.

The financial crisis, dire legacy of the War and the Peace, shaking the foundations of Europe, affected even London, the world's greatest and most influential banking centre. This caused us to go off the gold standard.

After thirteen wasted years we face an uncertain future, uncertain because it depends on the various efforts of many nations who continue to look at things from their own point of view. Our new Government, we are assured, will do all that one powerful nation can do to establish a real and lasting peace, but it is needful that the next thirteen years should be given to the work of reconciliation of all countries.

We must remove the reproach that some nations in Europe are armed to the teeth while others lie at their mercy disarmed. We must make an end of impossible war debts and war reparations which create one-way traffics in trade and so destroy true commerce. We must fairly adjust political boundaries to reduce the numbers of those who have been deprived of their birthrights. We must establish such an international standard of exchange as shall enable all nations to trade freely with one another.

The first great opportunity will be at the Disarmament Conference which opens in February.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



How to Give Work

THE latest return from the Ministry of Labour shows that 17 per cent of our brickmakers are idle.

We confess we find it hard to reconcile that fact with the existence of so many English slums. Why should there be at the same time unemployment in brickfields and slums in towns?

Why not pull down the slums to make work for the brickmakers?

The building trade, apart from timber, works almost entirely with native materials, and it should be possible to make arrangements to do all necessary building whatever the state of our external trade. It is obviously a matter of arranging exchanges of work within the country, which exchanges could be made even if no other part of the world existed.

We ought not to take it for granted that our slums cannot be remedied because there is bad trade in the world at large. This is purely a domestic problem, the solution of which is quite independent of world trade.

The Three and Sixpenny Tea

FROM one of our letters this week:

It is very queer, Mother, but the other day when we went to that old country house hotel where we paid three and sixpence each for our tea the maid was so long in coming that we had to wait twenty minutes before we got waited on, and the cake was not nearly so nice as Grannie makes us.

Perhaps it would be well if some of our hotels would make a note of it.

Ye Knights of the Pen

WE once more renew our appeal to the newspapers to be tender to young offenders convicted of offences.

Very often such people have in them the making of good and useful citizens, and we should do everything to preserve their self-respect, the loss of which is always fatal to the individual. Will editors not think twice therefore before they publish the name and address of some poor girl cashier who has been tempted into petty theft? Here is a little quotation from Thackeray which we commend to all who write for the Press:

Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword and at him.

They are words that might well be printed in letters of gold in every editor's room.

Growing in Darkness

Kind hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits;
Love is the sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

Time Passes

WITH its tremendous majority the National Government will at least have no excuse for dawdling. It should be able to get on with all the things waiting to be done.

But the working of our Parliaments always seems a slow business to the outsider; it has been so from the beginning. We often remember with a smile Sir John Popham's reply when, as Speaker, he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "Well, Mr Speaker, what hath passed in the Lower House?" and he replied: "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Tip-Cat

A BARBER has been trying to get into Parliament. He ought to know how to make cuts.

A POLICEMAN discovered boys putting fireworks through a letter-box. Did he let them off?

THE Men of the Trees are extending; they are asking for branches.

COMMERCIAL aviation is five years behind the times, we are told.

Yet its work is really over.

WATCHMAKERS are suffering from the trade slump. Winding up their affairs.

THE average child is taller than it used to be.

It doesn't have to go short.

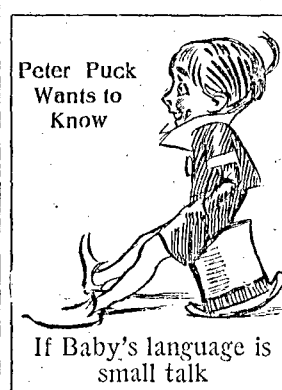
SOME people have no ideas of their own, says a politician. They have to collect their thoughts.

WE are promised a total eclipse of the Sun next summer. But we probably shall not notice it.

WHERE are the old-fashioned candles we used to burn? somebody asks. They have quite gone out.

A POLITICAL leader says the great need of the day is reflection. We all want to shine.

WOMEN's feet are larger than they used to be. They don't keep the foot rule.



THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NINE servants have been at a Lichfield house an average of 25 years.

ITALY has had a great bonfire of £6,300,000 worth of Government Bonds.

JUST AN IDEA

Like stone we form one roadway, and we shall crush each other if we do not uphold each other.

Cricket Asleep

OUT on the cricket field low mists
Are white. The wild leaves blow.
Padding across the splashing dew
Some little rabbits go;
And soon will come the winter blasts,
And soon, maybe, the snow.

LIKE a bird's flight across the green
No small, red ball now moves;
Stacked in the shed till summer comes
Now sleep our olden loves;
Our cricket bats and their good slaves
The stumps, the pads, the gloves.

OH, little friends, sleep peacefully!
Your rest has now begun.
As the brown bulbs which hide their heads
Your blooming time has run.
One day you, too, shall see again
The blue skies and the Sun.

Marjorie Wilson

Buttons

By Our Country Girl

I WISH I had never met the Button Girl, yet she was as pretty as an April daisy, and she took no end of trouble when our party halted at her counter and asked for blue buttons for a baby's pink Puck suit.

"Yes, these are pretty," she said. "They are meant to look like turquoise beads: they would be lumpy if Baby twisted over and lay on them. These others are more ordinary, but I think they would be safer."

She brought out box after box. We admired her glittering wares, and said that it must be nice to be in charge of the buttons. But she made the prettiest little grimace of disgust.

"Oh, no," she said. "The stock-taking is dreadful. Every button has to be counted, and as you can't count buttons while you are serving we have to stay late. It is easy to count them on cards, but once the card is cut every button on it is loose."

She showed us a few boxes of loose buttons, and it did indeed look as if the counting of them would be little easier than counting the sands.

Never again shall I buy six buttons with an easy conscience. It must be a card of buttons, or no buttons.

The Voice

WE do not know what sorrow is,
That lordly thing and dire;
Some men have seen it as a cloud;
Some named it as a fire.

ONLY we know it holds our hearts
Close as a lover's clasp;
Only we know our souls are scared
Within its fiery grasp.

AND yet though all encompassing,
It cannot quite destroy;
While we are even in its hold
Almost we light on joy.

ALMOST there sounds a living voice
Clear as a morning bell
Calling across our deepest dark
To urge that all is well.

THE NATION TO ITS GOVERNMENT MOMENTOUS VOICE OF OUR PEOPLE

The Victory No Party Could
Ever Have Won

ALL SMALLER THINGS FLUNG
TO THE WINDS

By a Political Correspondent

Not until we are old shall we forget the days through which we have passed, and the remarkable response of the nation to the appeal for a National Government.

There has never in the history of politics been anything to compare with the situation that has come about in our Motherland. It has been an incomparable manifestation of the spirit which pulled us through the war, has pulled us through many dark days since, and will, if we are wise, lead us through the Valley of the Shadow in which we stand. Already the Sun begins to shine.

It is not good for Parliament to have no opposition, and the best friends of the country will hope that a good healthy spirit of criticism will arise among the supporters of the National Government.

The Brothers

It will be unfortunate if the powers of the Government should approach those of a Dictator. No man and no Government has a monopoly of wisdom; there is high authority for the statement that it may come out of the mouths of babes.

But for one thing above all others we may be profoundly thankful: *it is the nation that has spoken; and not any party.*

We are a nation yet, and never have we spoken so plainly with one voice since that August day in 1914. The tragic position in which the nation found itself, the imperious necessity for saving ourselves whatever the cost, has moved our people to the depths and raised them to the heights. It was Mr Baldwin who said that he and Mr MacDonald would work together like brothers, and it is our people who have responded to this great spirit and set aside all smaller things to save the State.

A Million Heroes

We may doubt if any single thing has ever happened in this country more moving than that spectacle pointed out by Sir Ernest Benn, whose voice in Fleet Street has often had more common sense in it than half the papers published there. Who could read these words unmoved?

We are accustomed as a nation to the spectacle of patriotic sacrifice, but it has remained until now for that wonderful quality to show itself in a new and exalted form. No ribbons, no credit, no public honour, awaited the man who, with the dote in his pocket, used the secret ballot to vote for its reduction and eventual abolition. But as I read the figures there are probably a million of such heroes in our midst today.

A National Victory

It is a national victory; throughout the nation all men are agreed on that, all men and all papers save one. Lord Beaverbrook's paper tells us that Lord Beaverbrook did it, and that it is a victory for his pet idea. There must always be bees buzzing about in a great country, but for most of us we are content that every great leader and every great paper in the land is stirred by the national character of this victory.

The Prime Minister was quick to offer his thanks to the millions of people of all parties who subordinated party issues to pressing national needs.

Mr Baldwin was quick to declare that the nation had won a great victory—no party victory, but an emphatic declaration by the people as a whole.

Mr Snowden, whose continuance in the Government is a matter for rejoicing, was

TWO VILLAGES AND THE GREAT WAR

NINE years ago the C.N. told the happy story of a village in Somerset all the men of which came back from the war, the Lucky Thirteen of Woolley.

Woolley lies in a secluded valley near Bath, and in its little Downland Church a brass tablet offers thanks for the safe return of all the men of this parish. Then Woolley returned to its ancient peace. But yet again it was destined to come into the news, for only a month ago the newspapers recorded that one of its villagers had died, the first death in three years.

But in the wake of this mention of Woolley's fortunate annals has followed a strange coincidence. One of our Yorkshire correspondents has found for the C.N. another village whose men

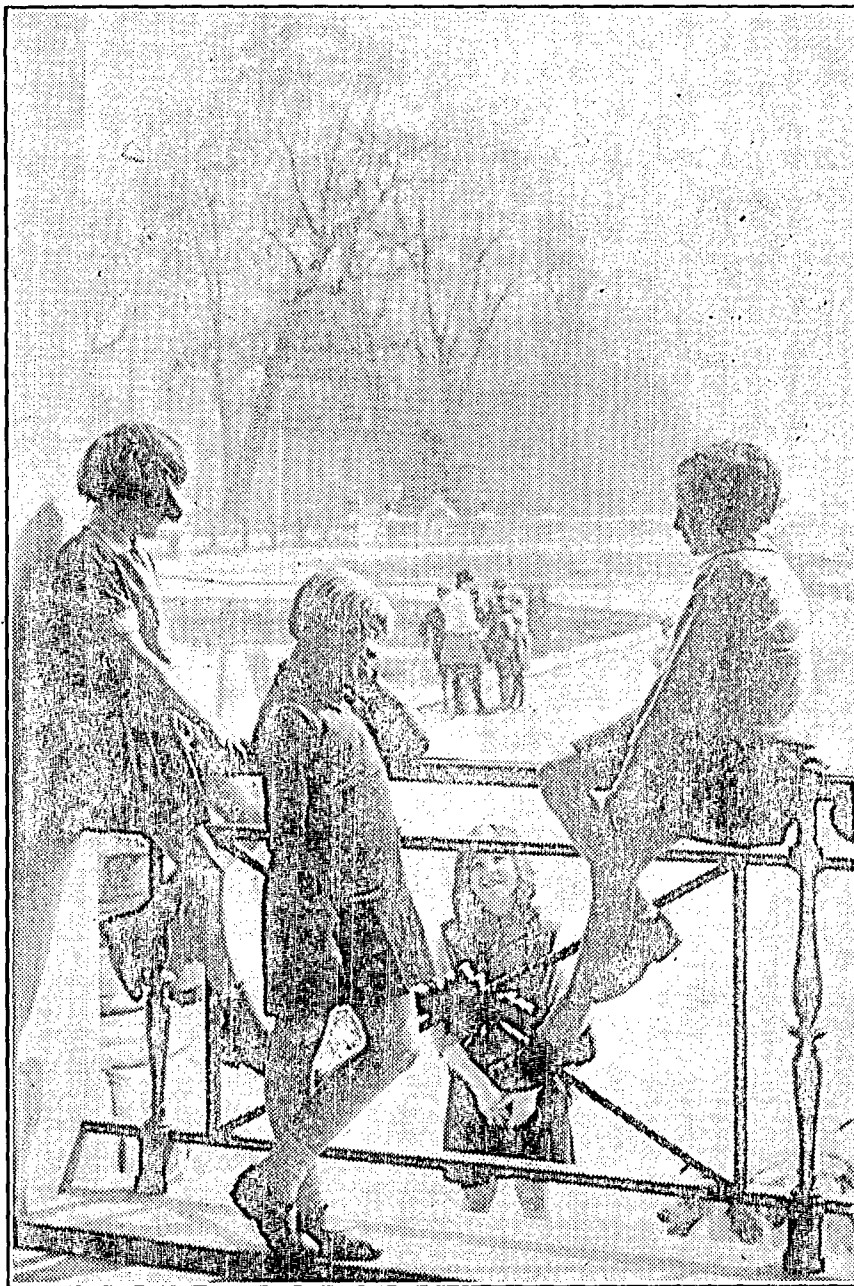
came back from the war, with a record even more remarkable than Woolley's.

It is Cayton in Yorkshire, which sent 41 men to serve their King and Country in the war, most of them in France. *All of them came back.* Their names are recorded in Cayton's Church, but all lived. One who lost a leg still tells the tale.

Cayton is proud of its men, and almost as proud of its astonishing record. It has been challenged, but the vicar has proved the correctness of the fact. Strange, but sadder, is the fact that the vicar himself comes from Garthbeibio, a village in Montgomeryshire so small that it could muster only ten men to send to the war. *Not one of them came back.*

There shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left.

IN PETER PAN'S GARDEN



The boys and girls who live near Kensington Gardens, in which is the statue of Peter Pan, have one of London's best playgrounds. The photographer took this splendid picture when he came upon a group of children discussing what the next game should be.

Continued from the previous column

quick to declare that the Election gave the Government an unanswerable right to speak for the nation, but not to pursue party objects.

The Times was quick to declare that this was a national and not a party victory, that the national spirit must be preserved, and that no party is to push its party programmes at all costs.

Those who for years have been wishing that partisanship could be flung to the winds, and that we could have a National Government in spirit and in truth, feel that a mighty opportunity has come. They will feel in entire agreement with this remarkable opinion from The Times:

It is the team work that matters most, and Mr MacDonald must be allowed without let

or hindrance to discard not merely the extremists at either end, but also the party leaders who have passed their zenith, and above all the type of minister, of whatever age, familiar in every Cabinet, whose presence makes for irritation and waste of time. His problem is not to add to an existing Government, but to create a new one on a different basis.

It is that different basis which counts. It is the putting under of all parties and the rising of the nation above them all that matters. No party that ever existed could have won an overwhelming victory like this, and no Government can ever sustain it unless it sinks all party spirit as the nation itself has done. We are one people, and we must continue so until the Sun shines bright again.

NUMBER 87

A MISSING ELEMENT FOUND

The Long Search of Science
Into the Mysteries of Matter

BLOWING-UP AT SIGHT

A missing element has been brought to light in America. It is one of the strange elusive cousins of radium.

It has been found, or, in more correct language, has been identified, by Dr Jacob Papish at Cornell University. A human being can be identified beyond doubt by his finger-prints, and less surely by his photograph. A substance, whether an element or a compound, can be identified by a particular kind of photograph. This kind of photograph is called a spectrograph.

The spectrograph is, in brief, the kind of light it gives out when it is blazing. By this light Dr Papish has been able to say that he has found an element for which science had been looking because it must certainly exist according to theory, but which had always escaped observation in fact.

The Foundation-Stones

The theory which science has built up about the elements is that in all the Universe, on the Earth, as in the Sun, or in the stars, there must be 92 of these foundation stones of all substances, solid, liquid, or gaseous.

One by one these elements, from hydrogen the lightest to uranium the heaviest, have been found.

Radium, one of the strangest of them all, was found within the present generation of science. When found it behaved so strangely, breaking up and continually throwing away its atoms and particles, that the grand structure which science had built up about the order of the elements seemed to be threatened.

Related to Radium

But when it was fitted into its place it began to be a help rather than a hindrance. At the time of its discovery more than seven or eight of the foundation-stones were missing. Was it not likely that some of the missing might be related to radium, somewhat like it in habits, especially in that habit of dissolving and changing their substance into something resembling themselves but not the same?

It has proved so. Within the last eight years five of the missing elements have been found, all of them heavy and high up in the scale of elements, of which the highest number is that of the heaviest, 92, which is uranium.

Till the other day there were only two unknowns, with the high numbers of 85 and 87. Dr Papish declares he has identified 87 by the spectroscope.

Without the spectroscopic portrait it would indeed have been hard to identify, for it is so unstable, so much more likely to disappear than even its relative radium, that it can never exist by itself long enough to be seen.

A Short Life

Radium has a long lifetime. It wastes only half its substance in 2000 years. Some of its children last but a few minutes. But the newly-found element, which is nearest related to the element caesium, and is named for the time being eka-caesium, almost at once vanishes. This newly-found element is so inflammable that it may be said to blow-up as soon as it is born.

Its identification is intensely interesting to scientific men, both because it has been nearly discovered for some time past, and leaves only one gap to be filled in the scale of the elements, and on account of the light it may shed on the nature of radio-activity, how and why that strange thing occurs.

A DAY AT JOHANNESBURG'S ZOO AND A NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Leaving Town To Camp Among Wild Animals

THE KRUGER PARK

This month the Kruger National Park closes to the public till spring, and no longer will the stream of visitors, with their caravans and cars, cameras and camps, be able to leave the asphalt, jazz, and trams of Johannesburg for a day or two in this vast Zoo.

Their appreciation of it is voiced in this account from a correspondent in South Africa.

When in Johannesburg or Pretoria you are invited to the Zoo no one dreams of prim lawns, trim flower-beds, well-dressed people, afternoon tea, and spiritless animals behind iron bars.

Instead it is a case of your oldest clothes, the picnic basket, a camera, and a whole day by train or car to the portals of romance, camping at the rest-houses or on your own, where wild, clean winds breathe of a new world of strange trees and plants and grasses. Then, if you are patient and quiet and cautious, you will see the free forest folk at the drinking-pools, grazing in the sun-patched shadow or on the move at dawn.

The Seal on the Gun

Certainly you have a gun, but it is only in case a lion or some other animal should break the pact. The warden will require your explanation if he finds the seal he put on the gun broken.

And so, after a day or two, or as long as you can spare, your visit to the Zoo comes to an end, and you return home to the town with the memory of another world and with a wealth of new understanding and appreciation of life.

Such is the Kruger National Park, of which the C.N. has often written, Kruger's great legacy to South Africa.

Some years before the Boer War it was brought to his notice that many of South Africa's animals and plants were in danger of extinction. Thereupon he and his Government set aside as a sanctuary that strip of the Eastern Transvaal which is bounded by the Sabir and Crocodile Rivers and divided from Portuguese East Africa by the Lobombo Range—eight thousand square miles of forest and kopjes, reed-fringed streams and boulder-strewn gorges, thorn thickets, and jungle grass ten feet high.

It is a natural museum, a zoo, and a living library of all the fast-vanishing things which made up the South Africa of the pioneers.

Nature's Large Family

Even the Bushmen, who faded into the past before the oncoming white man, have left their paintings here, on the walls of the caves among the hills, and now Nature has husbanded back to almost normal numbers the herds of kudu, impala, buffalo, sable, zebra, duiker, and giraffe, and the many kinds of smaller buck, klipspringer, bushbuck, and steenbuck, all once so rare.

The wart-hog, the antbear, and the rhinoceros, especially the white rhino, were almost extinct, but they, too, are here with the jackals, hynas, innumerable monkey tribes, leopards, lions, two elephant herds, porcupine, squirrels, scaly ant-eaters, hares, civet, mongoose, and the Cape otter, all to be seen at fairly close quarters; while the turkey buzzard's saw and the korhaan's mournful cry, both unusual sounds at one time, are heard frequently in the reserve today.

Owing to his habits the hippo is the only animal proving difficult to save from destruction. He follows the rivers into Portuguese East Africa and other places where he is unprotected, and because of his reputation for destructiveness, the value of his hide, and man's cruelty there seems little hope for him.

ONE MORE FRIEND FOR THE FARMER Machine For Drying Hay

Farmers visiting the annual fair at Fredericia, in Jutland, this year have shown great interest in a machine to dry hay.

It was invented by a Swedish professor and has been put on the market. It is said to be useful as a means of drying hay which has suffered from rain. If it also proves useful in treating clover and alfalfa it will go far toward solving one of the problems which face the Danish farmer in feeding his cows.

Should the summers of northern Europe continue to model their behaviour on that of the one just past we may safely predict a great future for Professor Petterson's invention.

NEWS FROM SPAIN

Let Something Good Be Said

A friend who has lived in Spain for some years sends this note from Gandia.

I have noticed that the foreign Press, including the English newspapers, seem too much inclined to exaggerate news from Spain, picking out isolated cases of destruction and lack of discipline and holding them up as examples of what is happening all over the country!

I am grieved when I read these things. In justice let it be said that there are innumerable Spaniards who are splendid patriots, working hard and unceasingly for their country's cause. We in Spain hear of and see fine acts of patriotism, generosity, energy, and enterprise, which acts, sad to relate, are not sufficiently "tragic," or "violent," or "despicable" to find favour with the Press abroad.

In Gandia eight or more new schools are to be built, and the Government is prepared to spend some 15 million pesetas on the education of the people in general and of the humbler classes in particular.

CANBERRA'S GARDENERS

An Australian reader recently told the C.N. how 89 gardeners, working for £5 10s a week each, were engaged on the Government gardens in the Federal capital at Canberra.

Another Australian reader, who admires Canberra warmly, points out that unemployment would be caused if any of the 89 gardeners were dispensed with.

To us it still seems an extravagant business.

Our correspondent adds that the Governor-General's residence at Canberra, which the C.N. pronounced handsome, is really a very old station-farmstead, renovated, slightly enlarged, and taken over by the Government.

With regard to deer in Australia, he says that a statement quoted in the C.N. that reindeer were sighted by the occupants of an aeroplane who were searching for a missing flier is not correct. There are English deer in Australia, but no reindeer. It is a mystery how that reindeer found its way from Australia into the C.N.

WÜRTEMBERG AND ITS OWLS

Württemberg, in Germany, has been finding out that the persecution of owls has been a grave mistake.

Having practically exterminated owls, they are now importing them in order to keep down the far more harmful pests on which the birds are accustomed to feed. You can no longer find dead owls nailed to barn doors.

These birds of the night with the large round eyes have been obtained in great numbers and released in various parts of the country. A most curious thing is that the newly-arrived birds have chosen for their nests exactly the same places as those used by the owls which had been massacred, although no traces of the old nests remained.

A BURIED TOWN Lost Home of Bantu Folk A LINK WITH ZIMBABWE

The mystery of the great temple-fortress of Zimbabwe in Rhodesia is brought a step nearer solution by the discovery of a buried town near Heilbron, a country town in the north of the Orange Free State Province.

So close to the surface that the grass-covered mounds ran up and down with the pitch of the curved roofs of the buried houses, a city two miles long and half a mile wide has been unearthed. Both the roofs and the walls of the houses are built of stone, without a binding of cement, in a style that in many ways resembles that at Zimbabwe.

The buildings at Zimbabwe are generally held to be the work of an industrious Bantu race of a high civilisation and possessing both originality and a national organisation of no mean order.

The newly-discovered houses were built for people of Bantu stature, and Bantu relics have been found in a line running toward Rhodesia as though a virile race drove a weaker race northward.

Zimbabwe was built less than a thousand years ago, and the new discovery suggests that not a thousand years have passed since a well-organised race of civilised people lived near Heilbron.

HORSES BY TRAIN

A Rest Station To Help Them

Animal-lovers will in future have no cause for complaint about the treatment of animals passing through Germany in goods trains.

A well-equipped watering depot has just been built in Berlin, the principal transit centre for the numerous transports of horses from Poland and Lithuania to Holland, Belgium, and France. Here the animals will be able to rest for from three to eight hours before resuming their journey westward. They will be able to lie comfortably in stables or walk in the open, and will be fed and watered. In order to prevent the spreading of animal diseases, they will be carefully separated from other horses and cattle.

Henceforth German railway frontier authorities will refuse transport permits for horses if the animals have not been properly fed or watered before crossing the frontier, or if they look exhausted by the journey. This is a very good thing, for the trip from Poland to Holland sometimes lasts seventy hours, and in the past animals have sometimes collapsed from sheer fatigue.

THE BLIND VISITOR IN THE MUSEUM

35 Kind Cities

A class of blind children had been given a small model of a cow to handle. "This model is one-fortieth the size of a real cow," said the teacher. "Now show me with your hands how high you think a cow stands."

One and all stooped down and indicated something about the size of a kitten. They had never had an opportunity of touching a cow, and could not form an idea of its size.

Very different is it when the blind are allowed to feel an object. One girl of 14, being allowed to touch a stuffed bear, made a clay model of it with surprising skill.

This is why the Blind Institute is begging all our museums, large and small, to lift their ban of *Please do not touch* for the benefit of the blind, and already 35 city museums have made special arrangements for blind visitors, allowing the exhibits to be handled while a guide describes them.

In such a way a blind person's education will prove a less lonely furrow, and that feeling of isolation, one of the heaviest burdens the blind have to bear, will gradually disappear.

FASHIONS IN STUPIDITY STREET Something Here For Shame

THE WRONG SORT OF FEATHER IN OUR CAPS

More than once we have wished that the women of England would break free from the dictatorship of fashion.

Surely one day they will realise that the style of dress, or hat, or hairdressing which suits a few women in Paris is bound by no law imaginable to suit other every woman.

But never have we wished that women would defy the fashion decrees more than we do now, for we learn that furs and feathers are to be fashionable this winter. A decree has gone forth which will cause an immense amount of cruelty, both needless and unjustifiable.

Forbidden By Law

A feather in one's cap used to mean something to be proud of; a feather in a woman's hat is something to be ashamed of. That our womenfolk can look beautiful and attractive without this adornment has been amply proved during the past few years when feathers have been out of fashion; and one of the many good things to be said for short skirts is that they saved from torture numberless beautiful birds and animals, for neither furs nor feathers looked appropriate with short skirts.

Now we have long skirts and picture hats again, and those who have put back the calendar of fashion are reviving cruelties which certainly shock every decent man and woman who knows anything about them.

We would also again remind our readers that the traffic in ornamental feathers is forbidden by law. It is only because shops can plead that theirs is old stock, accumulated before the Act was passed, that they are able to display these feathers for sale; but everyone knows that if the smuggling of feathers into the country could be stopped the fashion would soon have to die out, for there would be no more feathers on sale.

AN ESPERANTO PRIZE

If anyone deserves a complete change and holiday it is the teacher, and next year four teachers, at any rate, are going to have the holiday they deserve. It is true that it will only last a week, but

Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay.

Better one week in Paris, perhaps, than a fortnight in the seaside town you have visited for the last eight years.

The holidays are offered by the British Esperanto Association to the teachers placed first in order of merit in the elementary Esperanto examination of the Royal Society of Arts to be held in the spring of 1932. So the teacher must work for his free holiday; in this world everything must be paid for in one way or another.

There will be sections for men and women teachers in elementary and secondary schools. The four winners will have a week's holiday at the Universal Esperanto Congress in Paris.

MILK ON THE MARCH

Ever since the beginning of June every man who had not completed his military service in Switzerland has been putting in his compulsory weeks.

On the long marches, and after the strenuous exercises undertaken, milk canteens have been provided this year, to which the men may go if they wish.

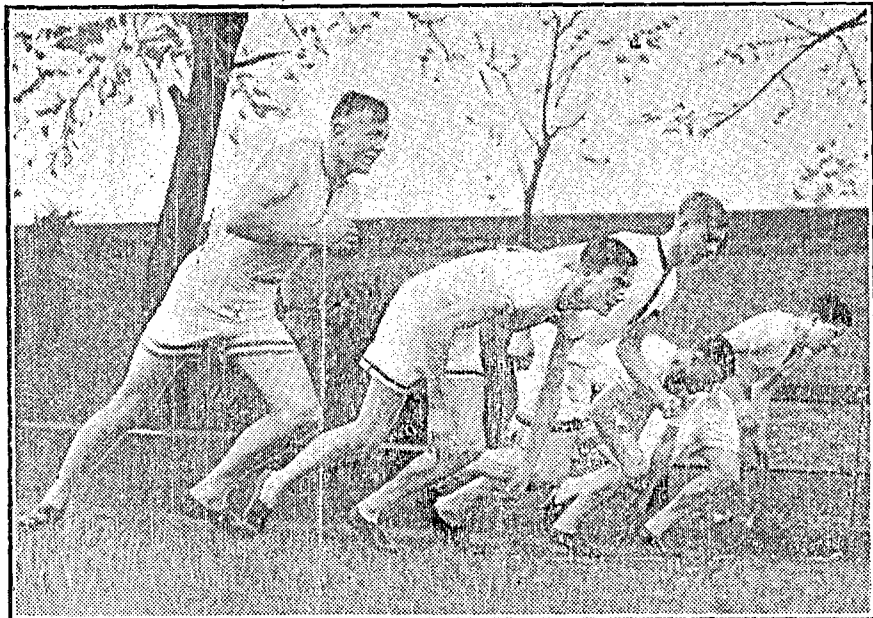
They have been exceedingly popular, and the medical reports have been emphatic on the improved staying-power of the men who have taken the milk as compared with those who drank beer.

November 14, 1931

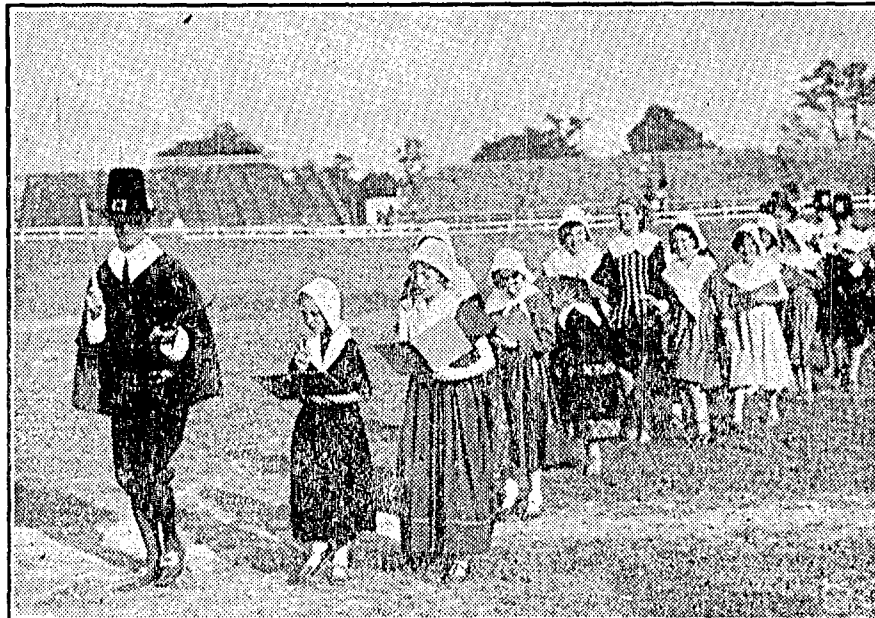
The Children's Newspaper

9

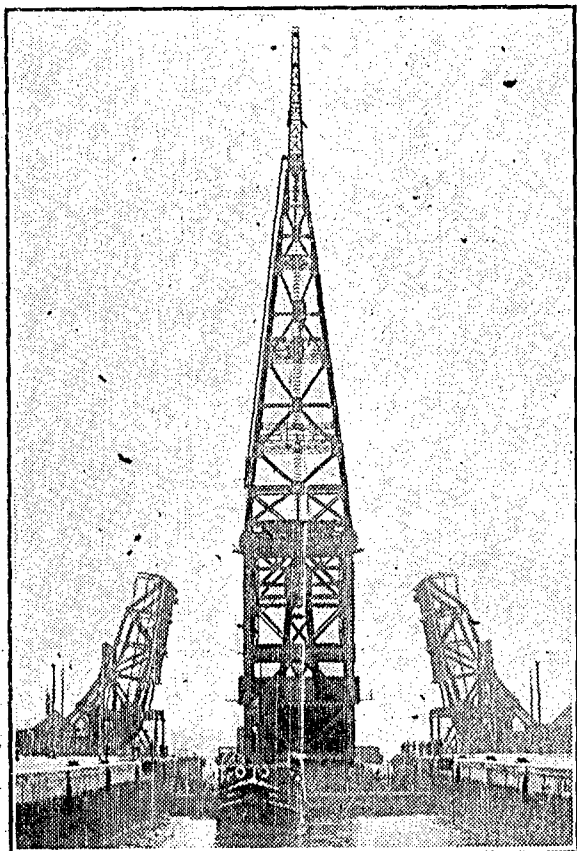
AUTUMN BLOOMS · A NEW ZOO BABY · A VIRGINIAN PAGEANT



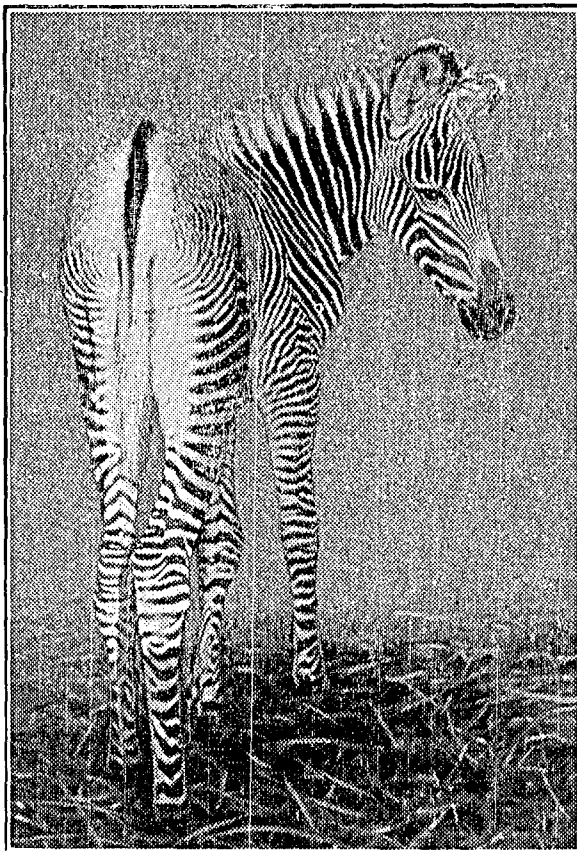
Off the Mark—A striking impression of movement is conveyed by this picture of five competitors who were taking part in the half-mile race at the Seniors' Sports which took place at Cambridge the other day.



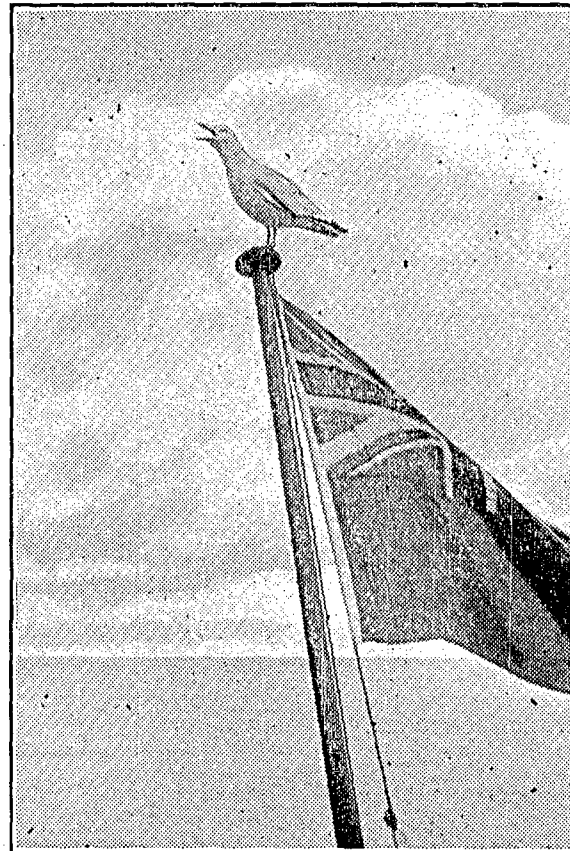
Lost Colonists—These children, dressed in the costume of the time, took part in a pageant at Yorktown, in Virginia, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the British Surrender which ended the American War of Independence.



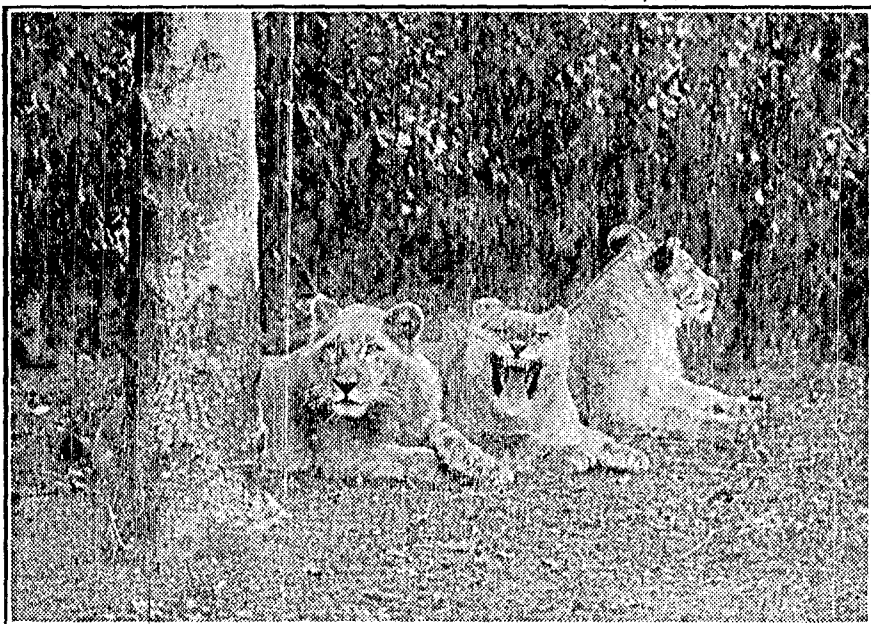
A Big Crane—The largest electric crane in the world was towed through a lock at the London Docks recently. There were only a few inches to spare, as the picture shows.



Zoo's Striped Baby—For the first time in 21 years a Grevy's zebra has been born at the London Zoo. When this photograph was taken the baby was less than a day old.



The Call of the Sea—Passengers on a steamer were amused to see this gull perched above the ensign, adding its unmusical voice to the song of the wind and the throb of the ship's engines.



Lions in Bedfordshire—These three young lions that used to be in the London Zoo have made themselves quite at home in their new quarters at Whipsnade. One of them, however, refused to look pleasant when the photographer called to take their portraits.



Autumn Glory—Here are some of the magnificent blooms which aroused admiration at the Chrysanthemum Show at the Horticultural Hall. They were grown at a Hither Green nursery: some of the blooms measured more than ten inches across.

ANXIOUS TO WORK PATHETIC DESIRE OF IDLE MEN

Willingness To Face the Perils
of a Dangerous Mine

THINGS TO REMEMBER

In both England and Germany we have had illustrations of the anxiety of unemployed coalminers to resume work.

In England several unemployed coal miners were killed through imprudently endeavouring to work an out-crop of coal near the surface. Working without proper plant this is a hazardous thing to undertake, and it shows how anxious the men are to get back to work.

From Germany comes a sad story of an attempt by miners to resume work at an abandoned coalmine of a very dangerous character. The mine is in Lower Silesia, and last year was visited by a disastrous explosion, after which the mine became bankrupt and was abandoned. As a consequence a large number of men were thrown out of work.

A Forlorn Hope

Undeterred, however, by the catastrophe of 1930, when 151 of their comrades were killed, the workers have resisted the demolition of the surface plant, and have scraped together their savings in the hope of reopening the pit. The miners marched in procession to the local authority and demanded that the mine should be reopened. At the same time they telegraphed to the State authorities in Berlin.

Very reluctantly, the Prussian Government has had to decide that work cannot be resumed at the mine. It is not only dangerous but unprofitable, and even if the coal were got there is no market for it, so that it would only make more unemployment elsewhere.

What terrible things these are to record in our civilisation in 1931! Let the devotion and courage of these miners not be forgotten. Here we have them insisting on facing great dangers to obtain a poor living. Those of us whose lives are cast in pleasanter places would do well to remember these things, especially when we consider the state of the unemployed.

MARCH OF THE LATIN ALPHABET

Will China Follow Turkey?

The march of the Latin alphabet continues.

Turkey has adopted it, and now we hear that China is considering the practicability of introducing a Latinised alphabet for the Chinese language.

Curiously, the initiative in this matter has not come from China but from Russia. The reason for this will be apparent when we reflect that Russia includes within its wide-flung area a considerable number of Mongolians. It is hoped to spread the idea in China, and a conference of Chinese and Mongolians has been called together at Vladivostok.

It certainly would be a great assistance to world civilisation if the Asiatic peoples were to adopt the Latin characters, and the progress of the reform will be followed with great interest.

A LAKE DISAPPEARING

Lake Urmia in Persia is rapidly drying up, from causes which are unknown.

Some authorities affirm that the recent earthquakes which have shaken up this part of the world are responsible for this phenomenon.

The one thing certain is that boats can no longer ply on the lake; the level of the water is too low.

WHAT NEW ZEALAND WANTS

Argument Across the World

Two of our New Zealand readers are arguing with each other across the world and back through the C.N.

The first correspondent, answering a question in the C.N. as to why the Dominion moves slowly, argued that so far as small farms are concerned the best land is now settled and "population has almost reached saturation point."

Now another New Zealand reader gives a different answer. He agrees that New Zealand is essentially a land of one industry—farming—and that directly or indirectly everybody there is maintained by farm production. But he denies that all the best land has been settled or that the population has reached saturation point.

Around him (in Southland) are a dozen holdings, of 100 to 200 acres, that have never been occupied. The land is good, and the rent about a shilling an acre annually. The commercial timber has been taken from it, and expenditure is needed to clear the scrub and stumps of trees and make it farming land. There is abundance of such land available. Why is it not cultivated?

Unprofitable Farming

There are two reasons. First, a Customs Tariff raises the cost of everything a New Zealand farmer must buy, and, secondly, wages and salaries rise as the cost of commodities advances, so far as non-farming labour is concerned. The result is that both capital and labour leave the land.

Twenty years ago a New Zealand farmer had to produce about 20 lb of butter fat to obtain the same quantity of things that now require from him 30 lb. In these conditions land settlement stagnates, farming becomes unprofitable, and economic depression spreads.

What New Zealand wants is to be able to buy commodities at world prices with the additional cost of transport. With that the farms would yield a livelihood.

The British farmer buys his commodities (says our correspondent) for half the amount the New Zealand farmer must give, and he receives more for his dairy products than the New Zealand farmer receives.

MR SELFRIDGE'S WONDER CLOCK

Something New For Oxford Street

Big Ben has a new rival. A magnificent clock has appeared over the main entrance of Selfridge's.

Time flies, and Oxford Street crowds are reminded of the swift passage of the hours of life by the Queen of Time, the chief figure of the decorative group with which the timepiece is ornamented. Eleven feet high she stands, with golden wings outspread.

A huge ship's prow, hewn from a 15-ton block of Portland stone, supports this group, for passers-by are reminded not only of time but of the world's merchandise which is continually passing through the great house of Selfridge. Surmounting the clock is the model of a 14th-century ship with all the details carefully copied from old engravings.

The two clock dials, with raised numerals and coloured hands, are mounted on an enriched bronze tripod, which contains the Westminster chimes.

The clock is worked by electricity, which gives half-minute impulses to its mechanism. The hour bell weighs three tons, and the clockwork and bells are controlled by the master clock within the building.

Peter Puck declares that he heard Big Ben mutter *Copy Cat* when the news reached the Houses of Parliament that Selfridge's clock has Westminster chimes.

GOD'S PACKMEN

Dust of Gold, the Bible Society's annual report, comes at an appropriate time, when all the world is talking of gold.

This little book tells us the story of gold from earliest times, when lumps of it were weighed out in exchange for goods. Cattle and all kinds of things such as salt or skins were used as currency. Then cumbersome ingots, stamped to show their weight and fineness, were used to save the trouble of weighing, and at last the first coins appeared.

When Augustus Caesar died there was a store equal to 358 million pounds within the Roman Empire. More than 4000 millions have been won from the earth since then, and nearly half of that was quarried in the last eighty years.

Naturally the Bible is the chief concern of this book. It is compared to a reef with gold in every part of it. But the dust of gold, which is heavenly wisdom, often does not appear on the surface; it must be dug with patience.

In India and China

Last year the sales of the Bible Society were again amazing. Nearly twelve million volumes of Scripture and over a million complete Bibles were sold. Although these figures are lower than those of 1929, the record year, the wonder is that they are as high as they are when we remember how the whole world has been swept by the economic blizzard.

In India, in spite of anti-British propaganda and the suspicion that the Bible is a subtle form of Government propaganda, the sales have been better than ever, and 26,000 more Bibles were sold last year than in 1929.

There was a falling-off in China, yet four and a half million volumes of Scripture were put into circulation there.

During these hard times people have often been unable to spare money, but other ways of helping have been found. Some Christians of La Chung in Sikkim made a beautiful rug, sold it in Calcutta, and made enough money to supply hundreds of Gospels. The inmates of the Bankura Leper Home in Bengal contributed a hundred pounds of rice to the Bible Society. One fragrant offering of 7s 6d was sent from Devon as "proceeds from lavender grown in our cottage garden."

A Gipsy Translator

Fourteen new versions of the Bible were published last year, and now the Scriptures have been translated into over 900 languages; so that the Bible Society's aim of making this book the common possession of mankind seems well on the way to being realised.

Last year a gipsy translated St John's Gospel and went about selling it among his own people. First he travelled to Lauenburg in Pomerania, and there he found over thirty caravans with about two hundred gipsies. After a dinner of roast hedgehog and other delicacies they sat cross-legged on the grass while he read the Gospel to them in their own dialect.

So God's Packmen, as the Bible Society calls its 11,000 colporteurs, work year after year, often facing danger as they bear all over the world the message of Peace on Earth and goodwill toward men.

GET THERE AND STAY THERE

A neighbour of mine, rector of his parish, recently overheard two women discoursing in a motor-omnibus on life.

"Well," said one, summing up her philosophy, "what I say is, *get on the dole and stay on the dole!*" Time and Tide

READY FOR CHRISTMAS

Will you make a corner for a few new books at Christmas by sending some of your old ones to the Invalid Children's Convalescent School, Haseley Hall, near Warwick?

Any good literature will be gratefully accepted and devoured.

THE LURE OF THE TOWN

Transport Emptying the Countryside

SPEEDING-UP TRAINS

Did the Tubes make the shops of Oxford Street the magnificent bazaars they have become in the last twenty years or did the shops draw the travellers to the Tubes?

This is a question often debated, and Mr Frank Pick, in his presidential address to the Institute of Transport not long ago, stated the problem on larger lines, and gave his answer.

Transport, he declared, creates the city. The measure of London's growth was the measure of the progress which had been made in transport.

Everybody came to town today, even in those countries which one associated mainly with their broad acres. More than half the people of Canada lived in its towns and two-thirds of the Australians; in Great Britain the percentage was 80.

The explanation was that the scientist and the engineer had in recent years doubled the output of an acre while halving the labour required to work it. The result all over the world had been the congregation of the people in towns.

Looking Ahead

It had been said that in fifty years the population of London will have doubled and contain nearly half the population of the country. The possibility of this happening was primarily a problem of transport.

Mr Pick admitted that this new phase of civilisation might break down and mankind return to the golden age of Arcadian simplicity, but if that happened he felt sure the cycle would begin again, as there was some natural need or trend forcing human beings into these great aggregations which we call cities or towns.

There is no doubt the Underground Railway has led the way in enabling London to spread out into the countryside around it.

It proved how convenient electric traction was. At the very time Mr Pick gave his address it was announced that measures would be taken before long to increase the speed of the trains by 30 per cent.

The petrol engine, too, has had a big share in bringing people to the towns, partly by its speeding-up of transport and partly by its replacement of both horse and man on the farm.

JOHNNY GOES SOLDIERING

Unemployment Sends Men Into the Army

Though there has been no lowering of the high physical and educational standards required, over 34,000 recruits have entered our army during the last twelve months.

This is the highest total in any year since the war, and higher by nearly 10,000 than in the year before the war.

Of the new recruits 20,000 were for the infantry and the rest for the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, and so on.

Apart from the healthy disciplined life enjoyed in the army the young men in the engineers and many other branches are taught trades of considerable value to them when they leave.

The communal life of a British soldier is very different now from the life of a generation ago, and every young soldier today can acquire that zest for life which unemployment so ruthlessly kills.

Though we love peace over all and are no friends of armies, we cannot fail to recognise that the modern English soldier is physically and morally a better man than the loafer at the street corner.

THREE WORLDS Close Together in the Evening Sky

NEXT WEEK'S METEORS

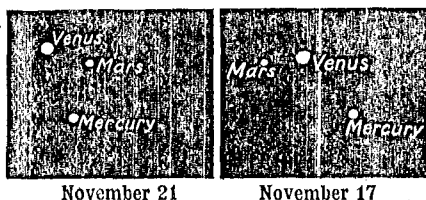
By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus and Mars will appear very close together in the twilight sky next week, particularly on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, November 18 and 19.

They will be less than the apparent width of the Moon apart, as seen from the Earth; but, owing to the faintness of Mars and the lingering sunset glow, it is probable that field-glasses will be necessary in order to see him.

Venus will be at a slightly higher altitude on the Thursday and succeeding evenings, and will be very much brighter. Until Thursday she will be to the right of Mars; after that she will be a little to the left of him, gradually getting farther away.

Another planet in close proximity is Mercury, which at the beginning of next week will be to the right of these two planets, at a much lower altitude and therefore more difficult to see. But Mercury is rapidly approaching the others, and by November 17 all these worlds will be in the position shown in



the right-hand picture. By Saturday, November 21, they will be still closer together, and in the positions shown in the left-hand picture.

After Sunday, November 22, they will gradually separate, Venus and Mercury rising higher and becoming easier to observe as they travel to the left away from Mars, which will soon be lost to view.

Venus, being much the brighter, will be the most easily seen, Mercury coming next and not being so obvious in the twilight. Mars will be most difficult.

All three, however, may be readily found with the aid of field-glasses, Venus, Mars, and Mercury appearing in the same field of view during the whole of the week and part of the next, if observed at the right time.

A cloudless sky and a clear view down to the south-west horizon will be necessary to allow a glimpse of these worlds apparently in such close proximity but actually many millions of miles apart. The time for observation is short before they set. From about 4.15 to 4.30 o'clock will be the best time to look, after which they will approach too near to the horizon.

Famous Meteors

A few of the famous Andromed meteoroids may be seen during the latter half of next week, from November 17 to about November 24, but the presence of moonlight will permit only an occasional bright meteor, if any, to be visible to the observer.

They may be observed as soon as it is dark, when they shoot across the sky from a point in the constellation of Andromeda, a little to the south of overhead.

These meteors have the peculiarity of travelling slowly through the Earth's atmosphere, because they are, as it were, catching the Earth up and travelling partly in the same direction as the Earth. They appear in consequence reddish in tint.

Each meteoric streak as it speeds across the sky represents a particle of the residue of the lost Biela's Comet going to destruction. There have been very few in recent years, however, though occasionally very large specimens have reached the Earth's surface in the form of meteorites. G. F. M.

C. L. N. A Friendly Book For Friendly People

Number of Members—29,108

The Blue Friendly Book, by Mary Entwistle (Edinburgh House, rs), has come at the right moment. It is the very book for younger C.L.N. members to send to their friends for Christmas as a reminder of friendship and goodwill.

These tales of overseas boys and girls are written in simple, vivid language so that they will be easily translated by children of other countries. The pictures by Elsie Anna Wood have as much charm as the stories, and together they give us an insight into the life of other lands, making us realise that everywhere, East and West, home is usually the same little centre of kindness and happiness.

Since the C.L.N. was started it has never once taken a backward step. Week by week, year by year, the number of members has steadily risen. This is largely because so many boys and girls are constantly working for it.

This winter we must make every effort to extend our membership, for the fight for the cause of peace is to be the hardest since the C.L.N. was started.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

WHO WAS POPE?

Born London, May 21, 1688
Died Twickenham, May 30, 1744

His father, a linen-draper, having become a convert to Rome, Pope had no regular training in the public schools, but laboured with prodigious zeal to equip himself.

His intense application to study while still a child ruined his health, and his sickly constitution gave that jaundiced bias to his mind by which he was throughout life affected.

At 12 he had already begun to write poetry and at 14 produced his Ode on Solitude, a surprising work for one so young. While he was still in his teens he was introduced into the society of the literary lions of the age—Addison, Steele, Swift, and Arbuthnot. His translation of Homer began when he was 24. The Iliad occupied him seven years, and brought him fame and fortune. The Odyssey occupied five years, and was not so successful, owing to his having entrusted parts of the work to hands less skilled than his own. The Dunciad was written while the Odyssey was in progress, but it was not published until 1728, so that Pope might have time deliberately to sting into fury the victims of his lampoon, then represent their anger as having induced him to write it.

This was characteristic of Pope, who was always planning and plotting to deceive posterity into a belief in and admiration for a spontaneity he did not possess. The Essay on Man, produced when he was 45, abounds in lines and couplets which have passed into the habitual conversation of our lives.

Pope was one of the most extraordinary geniuses produced by England. Soured by bodily infirmity, by perpetual animosities, and by ungratified vanity, he could stoop to the meanest, most stupid deceptions, yet he was tender-hearted and loyal to the weak and suffering. He laboured at his work with all his energy, yet desired the world to believe that it was dashed off in bursts of enthusiasm and sent in hot haste to the printers. The life-story of the man does not inspire admiration; he is best studied in his works.

A GREAT FAIR FOR ANIMALS

Who Would Like to Help?

WORK OF THE P.D.S.A.

Five tons of chloroform
One ton of cotton wool
12 cwts of surgeon's lint
20,000 bandages
5000 yards of adhesive plaster
10 million medicine powders

So run the yearly accounts of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

No wonder they are having a great Christmas Market at the Albert Hall on November 24 and 25 to raise money to pay for all these things.

Children are to be given a special chance of helping, and it is hoped that enough money will be collected for them to buy their own Children's Caravan Dispensary to work in the slums, where so many children and their animal friends are crowded together.

Never a day goes by but thousands of boys and girls bring their sick and injured pets to the P.S.A. dispensaries, to wait with anxious faces while their animals are treated. Imagine the delight when these children see their pet well again, for often a mongrel or a cat is the dearest possession and playmate of a slum child, and great is the sympathy between them.

A Queer Patient

Other troubles sometimes find their way to these dispensaries. One tiny fellow arrived with a covered basket. "Please, sir, can you make my little dog better?" he asked. "He's got a hurt head and his eye's been knocked out." Very carefully the assistant opened the basket, and there lay a small china dog with a broken head and one bead eye missing.

The P.D.S.A. has now over seventy dispensaries, seven caravans, and a large sanatorium for sick animals of the poor. Imagine the enormous amount of money needed for their upkeep. There are three ways in which children can help. One is to send a gift, perhaps something you have made yourself, for the Children's Stall at the Christmas Market (or the Young People's Stall if you are over 10 and under 16). Another is to persuade some grown-up to go with you to the Christmas Market and take a lot of money to spend.

The third way of helping is to enter for one of the competitions, with prizes for the best drawing or painting of an animal, the best story of the kindest act to an animal, the best photograph of an animal, and the best piece of handicraft. Entries must be received by November 20, and C.N. readers who would like to compete should write for particulars to P.D.S.A., 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

LORD SACKVILLE'S CHOICE

Selling Pictures to Keep Servants

A true act of patriotism and self-sacrifice comes from Lord Sackville.

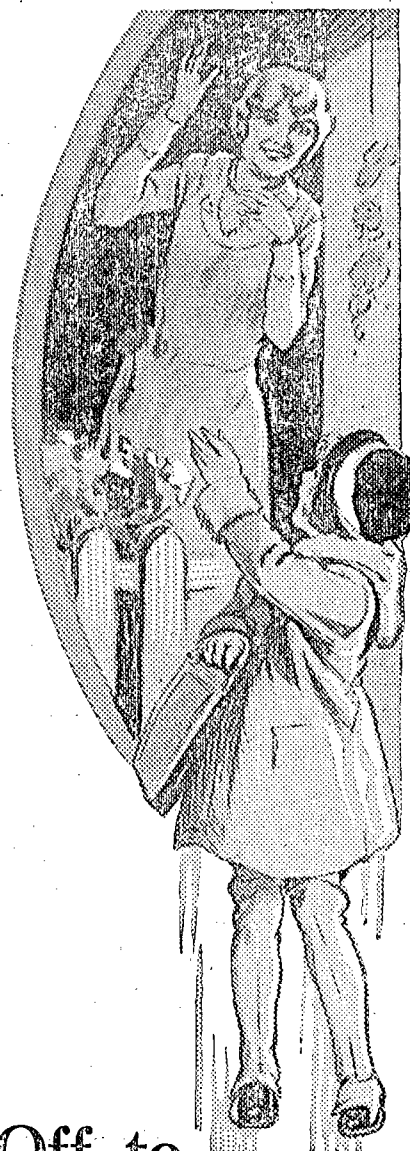
He cannot pay his taxes without either dismissing some of his work-people or selling something very precious to him.

Nothing will induce him to add to the unemployed, so nobody will be dismissed.

Instead he has decided to sell two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

They were given to Lord Sackville's great grandfather by George the Third and show the king and queen in their coronation robes. For him they have a sentimental as well as an artistic value, but they must go in order that servants shall remain.

What we like about it is that the work of an artist ages ago should be helping to solve our problems today.



Off to School with Health and Energy

CHILDREN use up energy in spendthrift fashion all day long and every ounce of energy spent must be made good from nourishment. They are growing, physically and mentally, and nourishment is essential for healthy growth. This, too, is the season when infectious illnesses are most prevalent and nourishment builds up the powers of resistance to coughs, colds, and epidemics.

Let your children start the day with an abundant store of energy and vitality. Give them delicious "Ovaltine" as their breakfast beverage. It will help them to grow up with sound nerves, alert minds, and healthy bodies.

"Ovaltine" supplies the rich nourishment of Nature's best foods—ripe barley malt, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs—scientifically adjusted to the needs of brain, nerve and body.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Reduced Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

MOTHERS!!

Children enjoy

THIS

safe,

pleasant way to

glowing, energetic

Health . .



Feen-a-mint safely and speedily removes headaches, feverish colds, dullness, and the many other little illnesses so common to children. Feen-a-mint is so pleasant to take that all children love it. And because its action is so utterly natural, it is the safest way to keep little systems in perfect tune. Feen-a-mint causes no pains, no after-effects: and it is non-habit-forming. Keep a packet by you—always. Buy Feen-a-mint today! A 1/3 box lasts for weeks.

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at all Chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

★ **FREE SAMPLE**—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to
FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED
14 Bush House, London, W.C.2

GOOD IT'S MASON'S
AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:—
NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

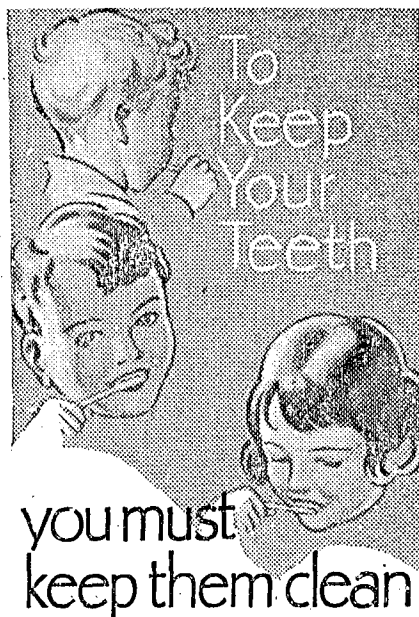
Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

Address.....



If you keep your teeth clean you can expect them to last all your life. But you should brush them at least twice a day—morning and evening—especially just before you go to bed. Fill in and post the coupon below, and a free sample of Euthymol will be sent to you.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR

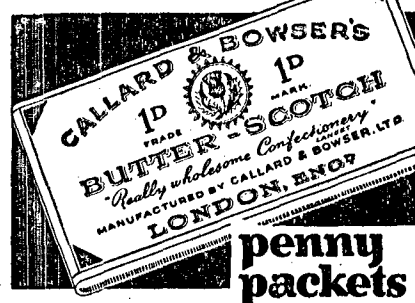
COUPON—To Euthymol Dept. 81, P.P.3
50, Beak St., London, W.1.
Free of all charge please send a week's sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE.

Specially made for you



Callard & Bowser's
'THISTLE' BRAND
Butter-Scotch
Really wholesome Confectionery

CALLARD & BOWSER LTD.
Duke's Road, London W.C1.



Sole World Agents:

C. & E. MORTON, LTD

Portsoken House, 155-7, Minorics, London, E.C.3

Sweeten porridge with this creamy, golden honey

Packed in 6d. pots and in 1 lb. and 2 lb. glass jars with patent caps.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS.

OPENING A DOOR IN THE SEA

£1,000,000 Hidden For Nine Years

PIERCING THE STRONG ROOM OF THE EGYPT

For nearly three years men have been trying to open the door of a room in a ship with a million pounds of gold in it, placed there nine years ago.

After a desperate struggle with currents and in spite of unforeseen difficulties sprung upon them day after day and month after month in their stupendous undertaking, the divers have at last succeeded in breaking open the roof of this treasure-chamber and reaching the precious ingots of gold.

The treasure room is in the liner Egypt, which sank in 1922 after colliding with another vessel 25 miles south-west of Ushant.

The search for the Egypt began early in 1929, but it was not until August in the following year that she was found, lying 400 feet below the surface.

All this summer the Italian divers of the Artiglio II have been at their dangerous work, blasting their way through boat deck, hurricane deck, and upper deck until they reached the main deck in the centre of the liner below which was the bullion room in which the treasure was packed.

Storms made their task one of exceptional difficulty, for the wreckage the divers had themselves made in blasting a hole 50 feet wide went crashing on to the main deck.

However, they finally got it clear, and by cutting and blasting they have opened up the main deck and exposed the treasure so that it can be removed by great steel jaws let down from above.

A GLOWING BOOK

Beautiful Work of a Father and Daughter

A beautiful book has been greatly admired at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House.

Like the manuscripts of the Middle Ages this book has been made entirely by hand, and, like them, it has taken a long time to complete. It is an illuminated translation of the first book of Virgil's Georgics, and Mr Walter West has drawn the illustrations and bound the work while his daughter has written every word on the skin parchment forming its leaves.

All the borders and initial letters are in raised gold, so that the pages glow as we turn them over.

This book is a remarkable addition to the examples of a craft which has flourished in this country since Saxon kings were crowned at Winchester.

HOW TO DO IT

Enterprise Rewarded

We recorded in the C.N. of September 21 how the gramophone works had decided to enlarge output enormously while lowering prices in an attempt to increase business in a time of bad trade.

We are now able to say that they have been amply rewarded for their enterprise, for demand has been intensified and the factories are working at hard pressure to meet with new business.

THE FALL IN IRON

The fall in the British output of iron continued in September.

Only 62 furnaces were in blast at the end of the month, a decline of two since August. The British production of iron has fallen since 1924 from 609,000 tons a month to 248,000.

This helps us to understand why so many ironworkers are unemployed. The reports from several other countries are equally bad.

THE BUSY NEEDLES OF ENGLAND

A Remarkable Exhibition

1000 BEAUTIFUL THINGS

For creating such stuff as dreams are made of the active little needle will beat the sewing-machine any day.

The largest exhibition of needlecraft ever known has lately been held in London in aid of the National Council of Girls Clubs. More than a thousand specimens of exquisite sewing and embroidery bore witness to the remarkable revival of fine point needlework.

There were some fine examples of quilting. This is a traditional craft of Cumberland handed down by generations of cottage women who live along the Border close to the old Roman Wall.

The Women's Institutes have done much for the revival of the various needlecrafts all over the country, and there were on view some beautiful examples of group work done by women in small towns and villages.

The sampler banner of the Brownies held its own well among many striking pieces of work.

There were portraits and subject pictures worked in tapestry stitch. For the 17 angels in her picture of the Adoration of the Magi Miss Dorothy Leeke used strands of hair from her relations, whose ages range from 11 months to 88 years. The lovely memorial altar frontal from St Paul's, made by disabled soldiers and sailors, was on view, with the jewelled chalice, also the work of a disabled soldier.

AN END TO A SCANDAL

Capone of Chicago

A KING OF LAWBREAKERS GOES OUT OF BUSINESS

Miracles continue to happen in Chicago. Al Capone has gone.

For a long time he has bulked in the news from Chicago as the King of the Bootleggers, which meant that, of all the men who supplied the capital of the Middle West with the liquor forbidden by law, he was the most powerful and the wealthiest.

This unsavoury reputation could never have been gained if the people of Chicago had not themselves flouted the law.

The King of the Bootleggers has been condemned to eleven years' imprisonment, much to his surprise, it is said. But our surprise is reserved for a city which, perceiving iniquity, has suffered it and its associates so long.

The beginnings of Capone's career were small. Prohibition forbade beer. This clever Italian provided it, and other drinks, at his own price.

The profits were so quick and so great that others arose to compete in the traffic. Then arose in Chicago the most astounding warfare of modern times, the fight between rival gangs of unlawful dealers in liquor for the plunder.

Gang exterminated gang. The leaders employed any and every foul method to eliminate competition. The most ruthless survived, and if Capone was the most successful it was because his methods were unsurpassed in violence.

A recent Mayor of Chicago has also sunk into temporary oblivion. But he was never in danger of the penitentiary. Capone is there at last, and Chicago should now see that he is not replaced.

The Americans are a great people, who, because of their size and wealth, have grown tolerant of abuses; but when Uncle Sam is roused he has a way of clearing out vermin unsurpassed by any other citizen in the world.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|----------|-------------|
| Heilbron | Hile-bron |
| Monastir | Mon-as-teer |
| Monet | Mo-nay |

A STORY OF THE WAR

AN adventure, recalling escapes in the French Revolution is told in a new true book by Antoinette Tierce.

She lived in Lille during the war. One day the German Army marched in, and for four long years after that Lille was occupied by the Germans.

It can never be pleasant to be ruled by the people with whom your country is at war, and there was much uneasiness and resentment in the homes of Lille; but we wonder if anywhere there could be more anxiety than in the home of Mademoiselle Tierce.

Four Englishmen had found their way to her house. If the Germans had discovered them they would have been shot. If she had refused to take them in, and they had managed to escape the guards, they would have starved. So she gave them food, shelter, and protection, although she knew quite well that discovery must bring her to death, as it brought death to Edith Cavell.

Germans at the Door

Again and again there were moments of anxiety and danger, as Mademoiselle Tierce tells in her book; but she was too modest to tell of one incident, which her translator, Mr Lewis May, insists upon telling in the preface.

One of the hidden men, a soldier named George, had been gassed, and often had bad attacks. On a certain evening he was overcome by one of these visitations, and lay on the floor like a dead man. His friend Clifford and his hostess knelt by his side working feverishly to bring back some sign of life.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door. Mademoiselle Tierce peeped through the window and beheld a party of German soldiers.

It seemed the end. But for her cool, quick brain it would have been the end. Like lightning she raced upstairs, tearing out hairpins, rolling up her sleeves, and a moment later a bedroom window opened, and the soldiers saw a sleepy

woman with hanging hair, and a towel clutched across her shoulders.

What did the gentlemen want? To come in? "Certainly; only please, gentlemen, please give me a few minutes to put some clothes on."

The Germans, let us remember it to their credit, gave her the few minutes. She spent them in helping Clifford to haul the unconscious George through the skylight on to the roof.

Then, demurely dressed, she opened the door and invited the gentlemen to come in. They searched, and departed without seeing anything suspicious.

If she had lost her head she and her guests would have lost their lives. It is good to recall such courage, founded simply on womanly pity, which sent old Alice Lisle to the block and Edith Cavell to the firing squad but fortunately did not cost Antoinette Tierce the life she staked as bravely as they.

BEN'S GOOD TURN

We have received this story of Ben from a reader who knows him well.

He is a Labrador dog, who has been taught to take his empty pie-dish to be washed after each meal.

Naturally when he got into the neighbours' garden by putting his big paw on the latch of the gate he was shocked to find that their hens were regular litter louts. There was some of their food still left in the pie-dish, and not even the cock seems to have thought of taking the dish to be washed.

Ben did his best for them; he would do his good turn like a Scout. He cleared up the food, while the hens stood round wondering when they would see another meal again, and then proceeded to hurry off home with the pie-dish, fearing lest the washing-up should be already finished.

A few days later Ben's mistress was to be seen apologetically returning three enamel pie-dishes to their owners!

JACKO ENJOYS HIMSELF

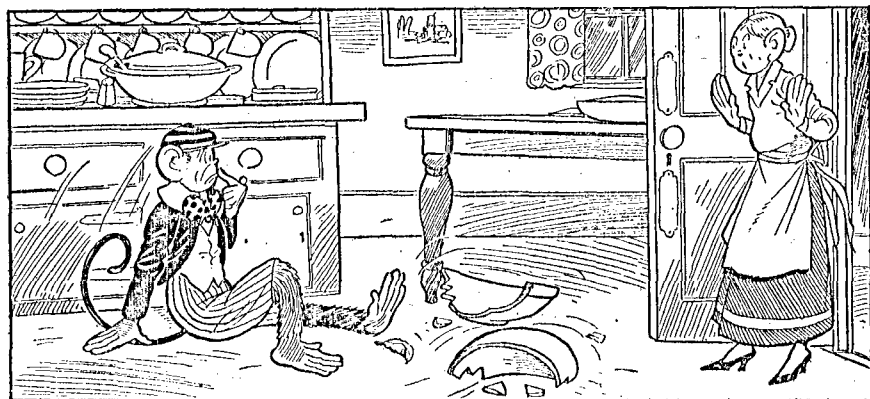
FOR some time Father Jacko had been busily sweeping up the leaves in his garden. "There's nothing like leaf-mould for enriching the soil," he declared.

Jacko was very interested, but he thought it a stupid idea to leave them lying in a corner for months. "They'll all go bad like rotten apples," he grunted, "especially in wet weather like this."

found, to his surprise, that half the leaves were still scattered on the ground.

"I must hurry up, or the others will be back," he muttered, hastily scraping them together. He darted back to the house to find something to put them into.

Jacko's sharp eyes wandered round the kitchen till they suddenly caught sight of a big yellow bowl.



The bowl was in pieces

As time went on and nothing happened Jacko began to get impatient.

"If Dad doesn't make that leaf-mould I shall," he murmured, though he decided to wait till the family was out.

Before long his opportunity came, and as soon as he was left alone Jacko raced down the garden and set to work.

The first job was to press the leaves, and this he did by vigorously jumping up and down on the heap. Then he ran indoors to fetch some basins, and began to pack them tightly with damp leaves.

Jacko thoroughly enjoyed himself. But when the basins were all filled he

"Coo! That's what Mater makes the cakes in," he grinned, reaching it gingerly down from the dresser.

But he hadn't noticed the slippery leaf that was sticking to his heel.

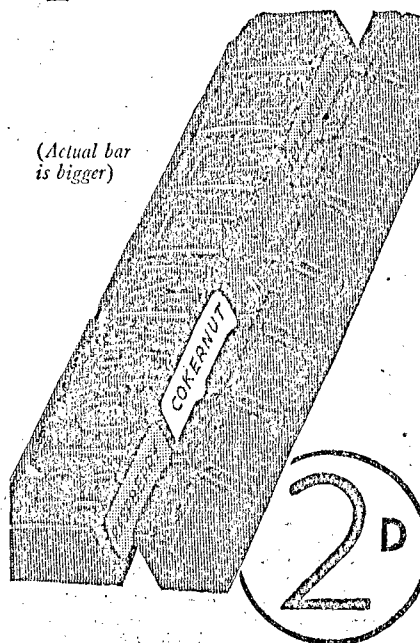
Suddenly Jacko's foot shot from under him, his arms flew up, and the next second he was sprawling full-length on the floor.

Crash! The bowl was in pieces!

He looked pretty silly when Mother Jacko walked in and found him staring at the broken crockery. But when Father came home and saw the garden as well Jacko looked sillier still!

YOU'LL LOVE
THESE

4 FLAVOURS!



ROWNTREE'S
4-CENTRE TABLET

1000 PACKET 4 1/2

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 21d. extra. 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.

President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

NUTTALL'S
MINTOES 4
Sold by all Confectioners

The
Christmas
Number of
the C.N.'s
Monthly
Companion
Should Be
Ordered
Now

Ready This
Week-End.
Ask for the
December
Issue of

MY
MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Moe

1s 6d

Laddered Stockings MADE NEW

in 24 hours. Send your laddered stockings to us and we will return them to you perfectly repaired by The Knitbac Hosiery Repair Service.

Any length of ladder up to three runs 1/-.
Descriptive folder will be sent on postcard application to THE COLZIUM PLEATING CO., 9-11, Buckhold Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

Reference Book for
the Home for 2/6

Nearly 1,000 pages. Nine sections written by recognised authorities, including Plays for Young People; Indoor Games for Little People; Etiquette for Everyone and Everywhere; the Housewife's Enquire Within, etc., etc. Well worth 7/6. Postage 6d. On appro. Quote offer 436.

FOYLES, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. Heather Mixture 3/3 lb. White, Navy etc., 3/4 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Blankets, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON SOMERSET ENGLAND.



I taught Dad!



DICK'S proud of the fact that he introduced Dad to Puffed Wheat. His breakfast-table smile is worth seeing. Mother is delighted, too, because she knows the nourishment that these tempting grains provide.



DAD really enjoys Puffed Wheat—no longer does he think it only a children's cereal. Puffed grains are so light, yet so satisfying, he says.

Happy laughter that tells of healthy appetites . . . what mother doesn't respond to her kiddies' request for 'something to eat'? And what better, more nourishing, more appetising than Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Puffed Wheat is the whole grain, containing protein, which is the ideal body-builder. Puffed Rice provides all the vital food elements of selected rice. Both are delicious and easily digestible—both ready to serve.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat; what of your family?

Try both, for the price of one.

**FREE
PACKET
COUPON**

Take this coupon to any grocer.

This certifies that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. I have not used a similar coupon before.

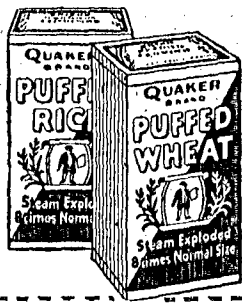
Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

C.N.P. 14/11

On receipt of this coupon with name and address of customer filled in we will send you 8d., the full retail price of packet you gave as per our offer. Quaker Oats, Ltd., 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.



THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Derek Fair's home is in Bolivia, where his father has a ranch.

While rescuing a drowning Indian named Kespi, Derek and his friend Tod Milligan make an enemy of Carbajal, a rich mine owner.

Carbajal threatens to ruin them. Only a large sum of money can save the situation. This Kespi offers to produce, and leads Derek and Tod, blindfolded, to a secret treasure in the hills; but as they are returning, with pockets full of precious emeralds, they find themselves trapped.

CHAPTER 11

King of the Condors

DEREK fought desperately, but he had not a chance.

Tangled in his blanket, he could not use his legs, and in any case his enemy was twice his size and weight. The man's hard fingers pinched his throat till he was helpless and half choked. Then the Indian turned him over with his face to the floor, pulled his arms back, and tied his wrists behind him.

Derek lay quiet. It was no use wasting his strength. He must save himself in case a chance of escape came. Not that any such chance seemed likely, he thought bitterly, yet his chief feeling was wonder how Dolaro's party had managed to catch them up so quickly.

He had not much time for thought, for a pair of powerful hands seized and jerked him to his feet. The place seemed full of men. All but one were Indians, the exception being a tall man with a queer chalk-white face and eyes that were black and shiny as polished jet. A thin moustache made a black line across his face. This was certainly not Dolaro, and for the life of him Derek could not make out who he was.

Tod, like himself, was a prisoner; so was Kespi. He could not see Manacan and wondered if he could possibly have escaped. He was given no chance to speak, for the man who held him dragged him to the door and, pointing to the South, spoke harshly. Derek could not understand a word he said, but it was plain he meant him to march. At this moment he heard a shout, and here came two more Indians, dragging Manacan and the donkeys. Derek's heart sank still lower for the emeralds were in the packs on the donkeys' backs. The black-moustached man gave a sharp order, and the whole party with their prisoners marched away in a southerly direction.

Derek was more puzzled than ever, for this was not the way back to the edge of the plateau. Another thing puzzled him. These Indians were not lowland men but Aymaras, a tribe who live on the uplands. The ground sloped downward, and as the Sun rose they came to a dreary-looking little village with small thatched houses surrounded by bare walls of adobe (beaten mud). There was not a tree or shrub and the crops in the enclosures looked thin and poor. A few skinny goats and donkeys browsed on the brown grass.

In the middle of the village was a house larger than the rest. To this the prisoners were marched and the white-faced man roughly ordered them in.

Tod stumbled. It is not easy to go up steps with your hands tied tight behind you. The white-faced man struck him with his open hand across the face. In a flash Derek sprang, and as he could not use his hands he butted the bully with his head. With a gasp the long fellow measured his length on the hard clay floor.

"Well done, Derek!" cried Tod. But one of the Indians seized Derek, another caught hold of Tod. The long man got up slowly. His eyes held a red glow and the expression on his face was fiendish. His right hand fell upon a long knife which hung in a sheath at his waist. Derek lashed out with his heel, and the Indian who held him fell back with a grunt of pain.

"Cut me loose and I'll fight you, you coward," he cried; but White-face had no such intention.

"For that I will cut you in pieces," he snarled in Spanish.

A low laugh broke the ugly silence. From a bed at the far side of the room a man had raised himself to a sitting position. He was a great, gaunt, old man, leather-skinned, with heavy, white moustachios, bushy brows, a great beak of a nose, and the muscles of his neck stood out like cords.

"The gringo has pluck," he chuckled. "Put your knife away, Olivido." Then, as the long man hesitated: "Put it away, I tell you!" he barked in a tone which made the Indian shiver. "I may be old, I may

be sick, but while I live I am still King of the Condors."

King of the Condors! Derek's eyes widened, and he gave a gasp.

"You are the King of the Condors?" he asked sharply, speaking in Spanish. A grim smile curled the other's lips.

"Do I not look it, Gringo?"

"You do," replied Derek frankly, "but I wanted to be sure."

"Why so? Is it because you feel it an honour to have been taken by my band?"

"I don't know about its being an honour," returned Derek bluntly; "it's a great deal better than being captured by Carbajal."

A terrible look came into the eyes of the old man. "Carbajal! What have you to do with that perro (dog)?"

"He's been chasing us all across the Alto, and when we were surprised in the old posada we believed they were his men who had seized us."

"Hal! is that so? Tell me, boy."

"I'd like to," Derek answered, "but the story is for your ears alone."

The old king looked surprised. Small wonder, for it was long since anyone had talked to him in this frank, open tone. Then he chuckled.

"Very good, my son. Olivido, cut these prisoners loose, then take yourself and your men outside."

Olivido's white face worked with ill-suppressed fury, and for a moment it looked as if he would refuse to obey. But his chief's eyes were fixed upon him. Strange for a Spaniard, they were blue-grey eyes and just now were the colour of tempered steel. They seemed to hypnotise the man, and he slowly and unwillingly obeyed. When the room was cleared the bandit chief invited the three prisoners to be seated.

"Now I will hear your story. You tell it, English boy." And Derek began.

When he had finished the room was very silent. The bandit chief was as quiet as the rest. He filled a glass from a medicine bottle beside him and sipped it. Then he spoke.

"How do you come into this, Chief?" he asked of Kespi. "This is a great and unusual favour that you have conferred upon the Ingleses."

"He not tell that. He and the Americano they save my life," Kespi went on to explain how Derek and Tod had got him out of the river, and how they had faced down Carbajal when he interfered.

"That was good work. I would I had been there to see it," said the king. "Carbajal is a dog, and not for the Big Fish itself would I give him the chance to triumph. But you come at a bad time, amigos. I am sick to death. My reign is nearly over." He paused as the door swung open and Olivido marched into the room. "The men wait to divide the spoil," he said harshly.

CHAPTER 12

The Tables are Turned

THE king's voice was soft, but his eyes glittered like steel. "And you are anxious for your share."

Olivido stepped nearer. "I am tired of your taunts," he said roughly. "We are all tired of your tyranny. You are no longer fit to be our leader."

The king's hand shot out, picked up the glass, and glass and liquid together struck Olivido full in the face.

"Get him," said the king, but there was no need for the order. As the braggart staggered back Derek and Tod together were upon him. Tod kicked his legs from under him, Derek fell on top of him. Before he had got his breath, before he well knew what was happening, Olivido was tied and gagged and as helpless as a mummy.

The king chuckled.

"If I am not your leader I have at any rate capable lieutenants," he said. "Chief, kindly go outside and tell Chulla that I wish to see him."

"I go," said Kespi and went out. He was back in a minute, accompanied by a powerfully-built man who, by his colour, was evidently part Indian, part Spaniard. He looked as hard as nails, yet there was an honest quality in his dark eyes which was in pleasant contrast to Olivido's treacherous face. The king pointed to Olivido.

"This man was insolent. He is no longer my lieutenant. That post is yours, Senor Chulla, and I name you my successor."

There was not a flicker of surprise on Chulla's hard face.

"Gracias, Senor," was all he said.

The king spoke again. "Chulla, you know Carbajal?"

Chulla spat upon the floor. "That dog!" he said.

"Quite," purred the king. "These whom you have captured are being persecuted by Carbajal. They, so I think, will bring about his ruin. I desire, therefore, that you will release them and let them proceed on their journey with their burros and their stores."

"It shall be done, Senor. Are there further orders?"

"Merely that you will rid me of this," pointing to Olivido. "Place him in the Stone Room until I have leisure to consider his case."

Chulla seized Olivido by the arm and dragged him out as if he had been a sack of coals. They heard his body bump down the same steps where he had struck Tod for stumbling, then the sounds died away.

A faint smile crossed the king's face.

"I am still King of the Condors," he remarked. "And that is one thing Olivido never will be. Now, my friends, you shall eat with me, then my men shall set you on your way." He clapped his great hands, a door at the far end of the room opened, and an old Indian woman appeared.

"Breakfast for four, Corina," he ordered.

The old lady nodded and disappeared, but was back in a very short time carrying a tray laden with food. Tortillas with fresh butter, coffee with real milk, and hen's eggs nicely fried. The old bandit was a perfect host, and the boys sharp set made an excellent meal. Kespi as usual ate little but his table manners were as good as anybody's.

While they ate the king talked—not about himself or his band, but about London and New York, both of which capitals he seemed to know well. They might have been breakfasting with some Spanish don instead of the chief of the most notorious gang of bandits in the Andes. As they finished Chulla knocked and entered.

"All is ready for your guests, Senor," he said. "The burros have been fed and so has the driver. They should start, for there will be storm before night."

Derek got up. "We are greatly in your debt, Senor," he said. "Is there anything we can do for you before we say good-bye?"

A rather sad smile crossed the old chief's face. "I would ask you to send me word of your safe return, but before it can reach me I shall be with my fathers. Good-bye to you, my children. I wish you a safe journey and trust that you will treat Carbajal as he deserves." He shook hands all round, then Chulla showed them out.

Manacan was waiting with the burros, but none of the rest of the bandits was visible. They started straight away, tramping west across the great upland.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the band!" said Tod presently. "To think we've been breakfasting with the biggest old robber in South America."

"And the finest gentleman," put in Derek.

"All of that," agreed Tod. "Say, it's lucky for us the old lad was still boss. Chulla said something about a storm brewing," he added; "can't say I see much sign of it."

"Storm him come," said Kespi quietly. "We find shelter, but it long way."

They kept on steadily. Luckily the injured donkey was no longer lame and they made good speed.

The ground was rising and with every hour the great Cordilleras to the West seemed to grow taller. From the peak of the nearest a faint trail of smoke crawled across the sky, showing that there was an active crater at the summit. At one they stopped for a little food, but Kespi allowed them only half an hour's rest, then they plodded on again.

By five they were close to the foot of the smoking mountain. A breeze had sprung up from the South, and it was growing cold. Kespi did not say anything, but the boys saw he was uneasy.

They topped a ridge and found themselves on an old Inca road which was cut in the side of the great mountain. Beneath was a wide valley perhaps a couple of thousand feet deep, and down in the bottom, three miles away, stood a ruined building.

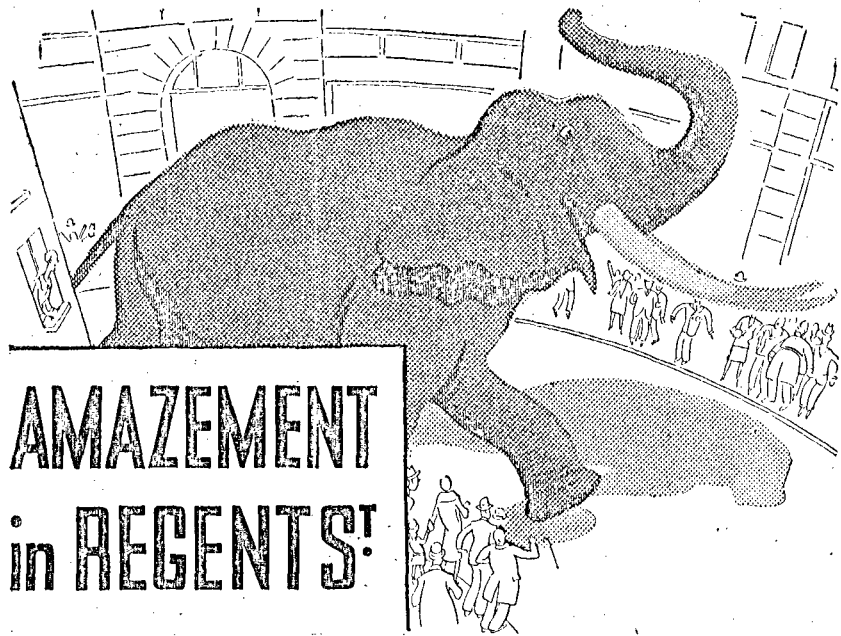
"That where we camp. We hurry," said Kespi.

"What's the rush?" asked Tod. "Helloa! what's that?"

A dull roaring sound came out of the South, and a great curtain of cloud suddenly covered the Sun. A white mist came rushing across the uplands. Next moment the blizzard struck them with such fury they could hardly stand, and the whole air was thick with flying ice-flakes.

"The Tormenta," cried Kespi as he pulled his poncho over his head.

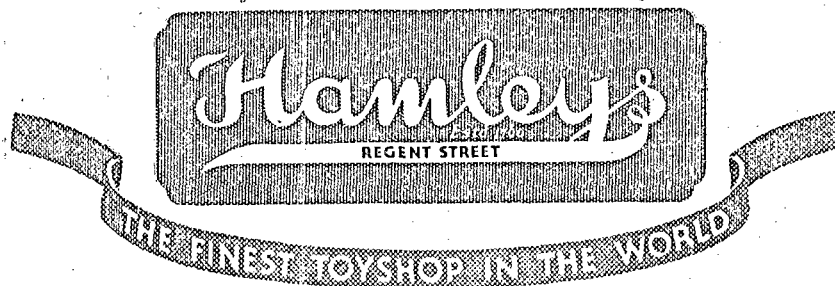
TO BE CONTINUED



AMAZEMENT in REGENTS!

What a monster! No wonder everybody stares. Jumbo, the huge great trumpeter, is ready to take you anywhere, through jungles and forests—over hills and deserts. And you can see him now at Hamleys in Regent Street with all his friends. Flip the Frog—Mickey Mouse—horses and camels—lions and tigers and hundreds of others. The children will just love them all. Such cuddlesome Teddy Bears—such darling baby dolls. And the boys *must* see those life-like working models. Then there's the big pond with its speed boat, battleship and all manner of craft busily steaming to and fro. Engines—books—conjuring tricks—novelties and toys of all descriptions. Heavens, what a lot to see! Come early, Hamleys' little soldiers will show you round. And a free balloon is given with every purchase.

P.S. to Uncles and Aunts. Remember there's no treat for the children like a visit to Hamleys.



HAMLEY BROTHERS LTD., 200-202 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

An Ideal Gift for a Schoolgirl! POPULAR BOOK OF GIRLS' STORIES

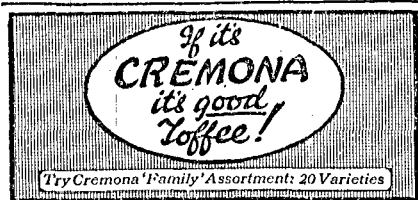
At all Newsagents and Booksellers - - - - - 2/6 net.

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1½d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,

(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.



CUT THIS OUT
CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



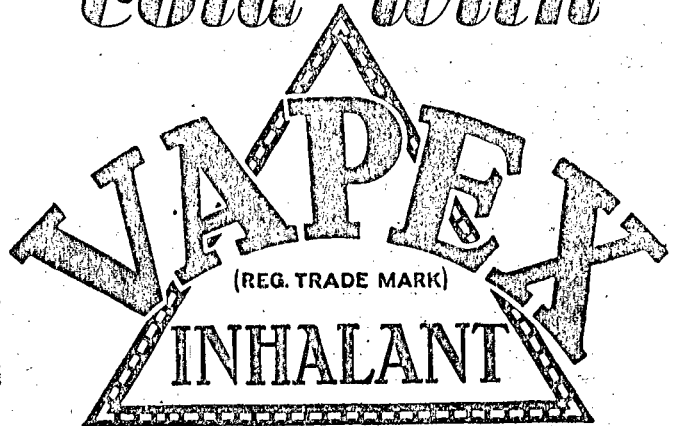
Thrills!
Mystery!
Adventure!

That's what you get in the BRITISH BOY'S ANNUAL. This topping gift book is crowded with exciting tales of school life, mystery, and adventure. There are also entertaining articles dealing with all kinds of interesting topics, numerous illustrations, and beautiful colour plates.

BRITISH BOY'S Annual

Now on Sale 5/- net.

Stop that cold with



Here is the way to treat a cold!

It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly anti-septic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, in stuffy buses, and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean, penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief, instantly available, instantly effective.

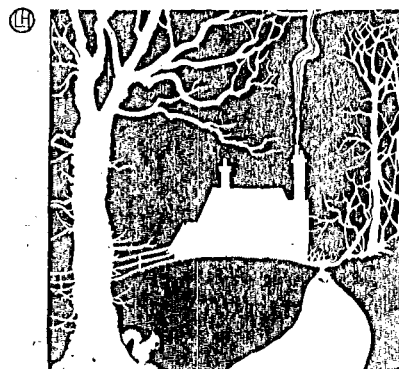
Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. A drop on each end of your pillow fights a cold during the night.

Always have a bottle of Vapex handy. Guard your own health and that of your children. A drop of Vapex on their "hankies" will protect them from the ravages of the common cold.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V. 74



Bleak November

To keep the whole family well when days are cold and dull, seek the aid of pleasant-tasting Andrews.

Andrews helps young and old to keep fit; and "fitness" is a much better protection against Winter Ills than heavy overcoats or mufflers. In cold weather many add half an inch of warm water to their glass of Andrews . . . "to take the chill off."

9^d. Usual Family 1/4
4 oz. size 8 oz. size

Andrews Liver Salt

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 14, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Peaches and Grape-Fruit

Two ladies went shopping together. One bought six peaches and seven grape-fruit for which she paid three shillings and tenpence. The other lady bought seven peaches and six grape-fruit and she was charged three shillings and ninepence.

What was the price of each peach and of each grape-fruit?

Answer next week

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the six words represented here and write them one under another in such order that the initials and the finals spell the names of two things connected with the gramophone.

Answer next week

Red for Danger

If a lamp covered with red glass showed up for a distance of 700 yards, it would only show for 500 yards if covered with green glass, only 200 with yellow, and still less with blue or purple.

Because red is so conspicuous it has been widely selected as the colour to indicate danger. All other colours have a tendency to merge into their surroundings and become lost, but red never does.

A Catch Question

EDINBURGH is 390 miles from London.

A train leaves London at 10 a.m. and travels at 55 miles an hour. Another train leaves Edinburgh at 10.30 a.m. and travels 60 miles an hour. Which will be nearer London when they pass?

Answer next week

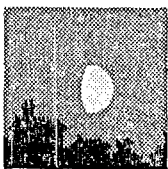
Let On Parle Français



Le drapeau flottera sur ce fort. Ces fruits ont l'air succulents. Le pignon est un mur triangulaire.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South. In the evening Saturn and Venus are in the South-West, Uranus in the South, and Jupiter in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 p.m. on Wednesday, November 18.



What Country Is This?

IN the future but not in the past, In the quicker but not in the fast, In the camp but not in the tent, In the loan but not in the lent, In the minute but not in the hour, In the unripe but not in the sour, In the roadway but not in the street,

A Balkan kingdom when complete.

Answer next week

How They Worked

Monet. The French artist Claude Monet did most of his work in his own garden. This he was driven to do because whenever he went out anywhere around Paris and set up his easel other artists who were quite unknown to him would come along and set up their own easels beside his, follow him, copy his paintings, and pester him for advice and criticisms of their work.

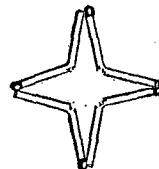
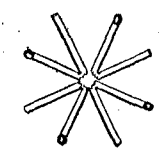
A Charade

ALL grades of men must do my first, Or idle they will be; Great numbers of my next in town, If you go there, you'll see; And it should be the worker's care To keep my whole in good repair.

Answer next week

A Star Puzzle

TAKE four matches, bend them in the middle, and place them as shown on a smooth surface.



Ask a friend to make the matches form a four-pointed star without touching them. This is how it is done. Dip another match in water and allow a drop or two of the liquid to fall in the centre of the figure. As the water is absorbed by the broken edges each bent match will slowly open out wider, until a four-pointed star is formed.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

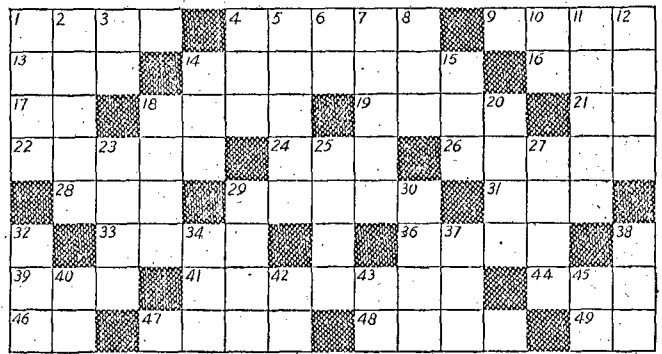
How Much? One penny

A Picture Puzzle capital, factory, curtain, nest—pictures.

Beheaded Word Chair, hair, air

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 53 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Sound returned. 4. Torment. 9. Part of a ship. 13. Exist. 14. Ardent. 16. Devoured. 17. Royal Academician.* 18. Pertaining to the air. 19. In a high degree. 21. Conjunction. 22. Minute. 24. Female deer. 26. To long for. 28. Rest. 29. Signs of emotion. 31. Hail. 33. To bellow. 36. Vetch. 39. Donkey. 41. An Australian settler. 44. A tattered cloth. 46. In the direction of. 47. Summer delicacies. 48. Painting, sculpture, and music. 49. Myself.

Reading Down. 1. Parts of the head. 2. Fills. 3. Your brother. 4. A by-product of coal. 5. To eat into. 6. One. 7. To part. 8. Compass point.* 10. Automobile Association.* 11. To put by. 12. Member of the gull family. 14. Snake-like fish. 15. Attempt. 18. Boy's voice. 20. Period of time. 23. Manifestations of vanity. 25. A solemn declaration. 27. Declare in positive manner. 29. Steadfast. 30. A heavenly body.* 32. Used in cricket. 34. The alphabet. 37. An industrious insect. 38. The latter part of life. 40. In such a manner. 42. Steamship.* 43. Master of Arts.* 45. Before noon.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Broke

SMITH: Have you felt any change since you returned from your holiday?

Jones: Not a sixpence.

Misunderstood

A VERY young sales manager, hoping to influence a prospective customer, sent to him a box of cigars.

"So you thought to bribe me with cigars," said the hoped-for customer when they met. "You obviously do not know me."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the young man. "I did not know you were a non-smoker."

Just a Line



PLEASE send a line to me (you said)

When next you are away, And so to keep my word to you, I'm sending one today.

I didn't know what kind you meant, And so a washing line I've sent.

His Role

THE talkie-director approached a small-part actor.

"You will have a leading rôle in this picture," he said.

"A leading rôle?" queried the actor, scarcely believing his ears.

"Yes," was the reply. "You will be the first to roll down this 200-foot cliff."

Counting the Minutes

HE had quite definitely out-stayed his welcome, but the day of departure had at last been fixed.

"What time tomorrow does my train go?" he asked once again.

"From now it is just 21 hours and 33 minutes," was the reply.

Before His Time

FATHER: You never saw my hands like that when I was a boy.

Son: I didn't know you then, Daddie.



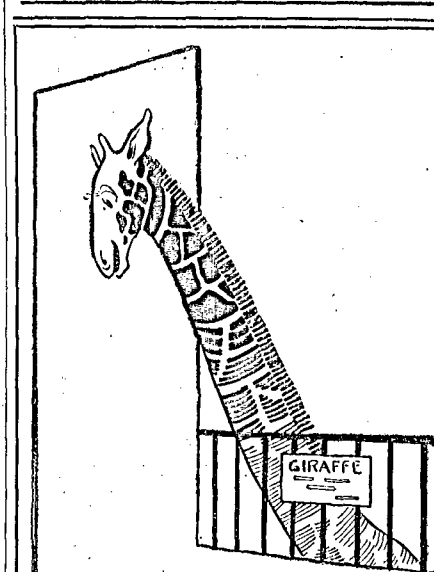
GOT HER REWARD

"Jean likes 'California Syrup of Figs' and she has been more than rewarded for taking it regularly," says her mother. "She suffered with her stomach and bowels for a long time. But 'California Syrup of Figs' has relieved all her trouble and made her a strong, happy, healthy girl."

At least a million families are never without a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Thousands of mothers use it regularly once a week for their children; to keep them in fine condition, with hearty appetite and abundant energy; with systems free from weakening impurities.

"California Syrup of Figs" never fails to cleanse a child's system when bilious, feverish or irregular. It acts quickly and gently; never gripes or sickens. It increases appetite; aids digestion; tones and strengthens stomach and assists nature. "California Syrup of Figs" endorsed by physicians, of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. Always emphasize the word "California" when buying and no mistake will be made.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"
IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



For your Throat

Allenburys PASTILLES

Glycerine & Black Currant

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.

In Tins, 2/6 & 4/6. 4/6 & 1/3

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

DAVID stared straight in front, wondering whatever it could be.

It was a reddish-brown colour and very large, and it took up nearly the whole width of the narrow lane.

He walked slowly toward it, wide-eyed.

It was a cow.

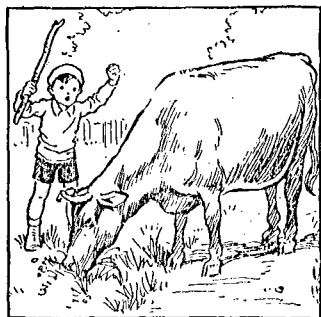
"It's a lost cow," he said to himself, "and I've found it."

The cow was munching grass and looked quiet and peaceful.

"Guess it doesn't know it's lost," David went on thinking; "guess it doesn't even know it's just been found; cows are pretty stupid."

He stood staring at it for some time, and then he made up his mind that everything was very important, that he

was important, and the cow was important, and he had to do important things.



She went on munching

"You can't just find a lost cow," he thought, "and do nothing about it." And so he found a heavy, important-looking stick in the hedge and waved it in the air, and

shouted "Shoo! Come up there! Shoo!" at the cow.

She turned her head slowly and looked mildly at him.

"Shoo! Shoo! Come up there! Shoo! Shoo!" David yelled, and waved his stick quite near to her face.

But she only bent her head and munched more grass.

David couldn't move her.

"Silly old thing," he cried aloud; "there you are lost, and I want to take you to your own farmer, and you won't budge. Be lost then; it serves you right!"

He didn't feel quite so important as he climbed into the hedge to make plans. He was just deciding that he would catch hold of the cow's horns and pull her along when a little girl came running up.

DAVID FEELS IMPORTANT

She had a stick in her hand, but not a very important-looking one. She didn't see David.

"Hello, Jenny!" she shouted, and she ran up to the cow and gave her a whack.

The cow turned at once and began ambling up the lane, with the little girl running behind and shouting all the time; and soon they were out of sight.

David went home for tea.

"What did you do on your walk?" his Mother asked.

"Well, I found a lost cow," he answered slowly, "and I was just going to take it back to the farmer when a little girl came and drove it away; but it was a very stupid cow. I've never seen such a stupid cow in all my life."